Vol. LVI.
1489.

GIGANTIC 1935 FREE INSURANCE SEE PAGES 4 AND 5

JOHN BULL

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—yet she has no appetite!

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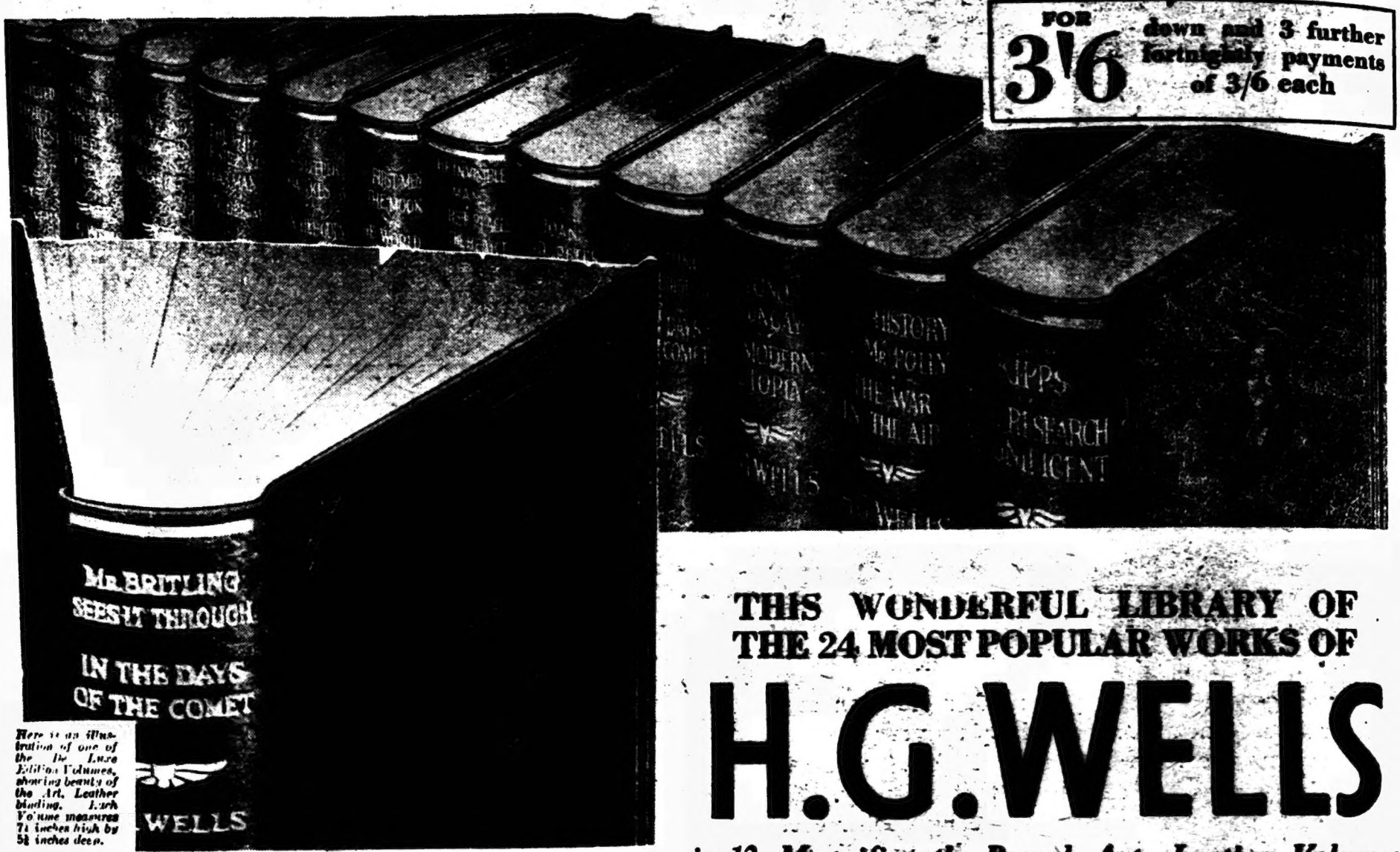

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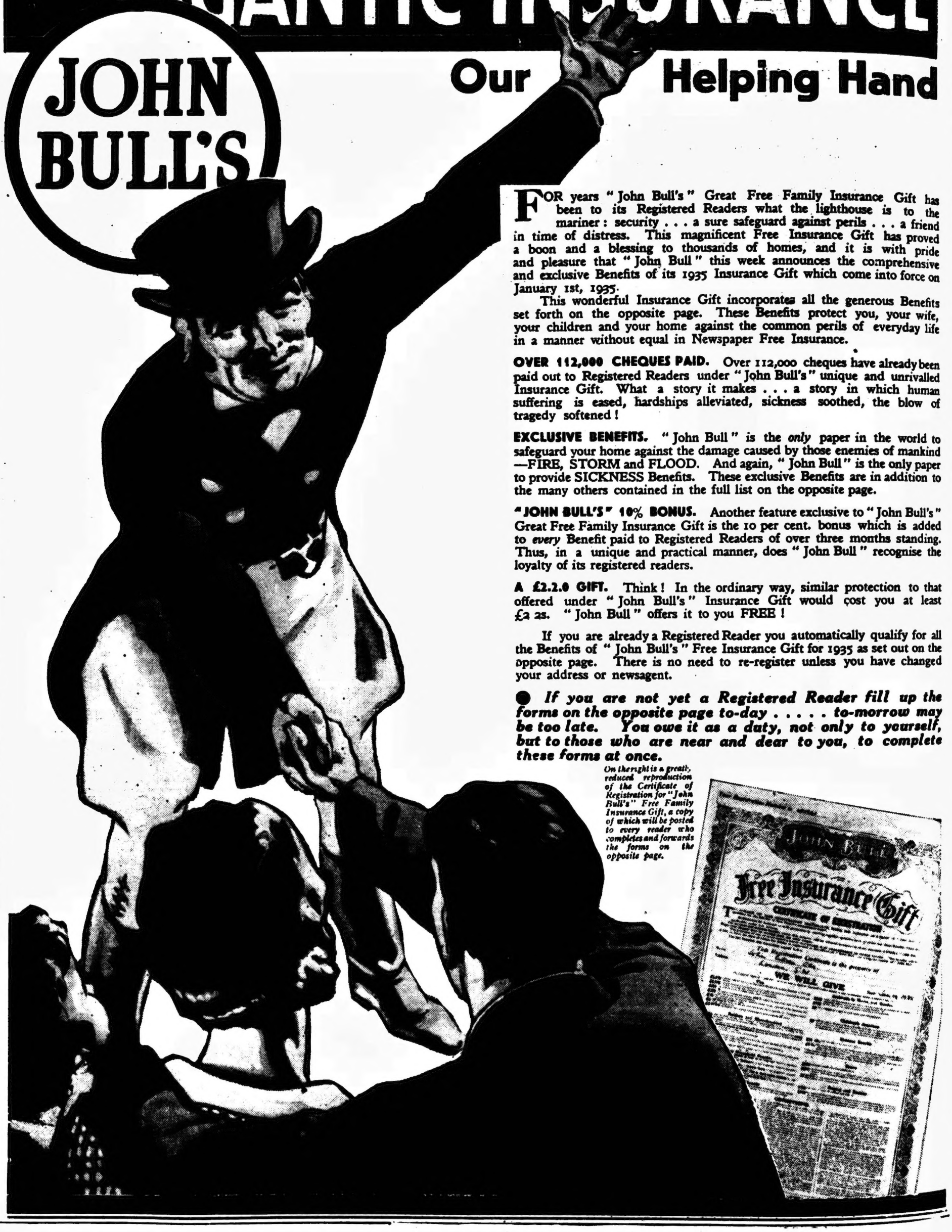

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£5 5s.—in respect of either for total disablement arising directly from Diphtheria, Measles (morbilli), Smallpox (Variola), Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-Spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax or Tetanus (Lockjaw).

These benefits are only applicable to readers between the ages of 16 and 65, who have been registered for twenty-one days prior to the illness manifesting itself.

CHILDREN'S ACCIDENTS

£2—will be paid to the parent being a Registered Reader in the event of an accident to his or her child over six and under fifteen years of age, causing a broken arm above the wrist, broken leg above the ankle, or fractured skull, excepting accidents of employment or pillion riding.

SPORTS ACCIDENTS

£500—in case of death of husband and wife, or

£250—in respect of either if killed accidentally while playing in a game of Football, Tennis, Cricket, Hockey, Golf, Hurling, Pushball or Lacrosse, as an amateur on a recognised playing ground.

£2 per week up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull under such circumstances.

BOATING AND BATHING

£200—in case of death of husband and wife, or

£100—in respect of either if accidentally drowned while as a pastime boating on, or bathing in, the sea at any seaside resort, or in any river or public swimming bath, providing that the reader be not a professional swimmer or boatman, and that in case of boating the boat be not a passenger steamer or motor boat plying for hire.

CONDITIONS— (a) This scheme applies only to Registered Readers residing in and accidents or events occurring in the British Isles, the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man.

(b) A "Registered Reader" shall mean any person over fifteen years of age registered with "John Bull" as having personally signed and forwarded to "John Bull" Registration Department the prescribed registration form and given a signed order to a Newsagent for the regular and uninterrupted weekly delivery of "John Bull," which has been continuously received from such newsagent and paid for. Provided that a Registered Reader over seventy years of age shall be entitled to all the benefits of this gift except those in respect of death, disablement, or sickness.

(c) The husband or wife of a Registered Reader permanently residing with him or her shall be deemed to be a Registered Reader for the purpose of those benefits which are applicable.

(d) Applications for benefit in respect of any one accident or event, which must be confined to one of the benefits, must be forwarded in writing to the Insurance Manager, "John Bull," 128, Long Acre, W.C., as to accident benefits within seven days; fire, burglary and housebreaking and other household benefits within forty-eight hours; and sickness benefits within fourteen days of the illness manifesting itself. Medical Certificates and/or other evidence in support of the application must be furnished by the Registered Reader at his or her own expense.

(e) As to the injury benefits, this scheme applies only to bodily injury directly and immediately caused by violent external or visible means which is the sole cause of death, loss or disablement as defined, and no sum will be given in respect of any accident, fatal or otherwise, happening while the Reader is in a fit, or arising from or traceable to intentional self-injury, drugs, suicide, insanity or intemperance, or is suffering from any physical or mental disability likely to increase the risk of accident or fatality, or while in an unconscious state, or in a brawl, assault, riot, or civil commotion.

(f) Loss of a limb means the loss by physical separation of an arm or leg above the wrist or ankle. A fractured limb shall mean a fracture of the arm or leg above the wrist or ankle.

Death or loss of limb or sight must result within fourteen days after the accident and as a direct result of the injury. In the event of death, benefits will be paid to the husband or wife of the Registered Reader, or dependent children or parents (if any).

(g) Disablement applies where the reader is totally unable to follow his or her usual employment.

(h) Benefit shall not be payable under this scheme for any accident arising out of, or in the course of, the Registered Reader's employment.

(i) No benefits under the Fire Section will be given unless the fire is one which is reported on by a Fire Brigade or Police Officer. Compensation for material damage or loss by fire, burglary or housebreaking or any of the events covered by Household benefits will be subject to any rights which the applicant may have or acquire under any other Insurance Scheme, Company or otherwise, and the Proprietors of "John Bull" shall give no benefit until the Registered Reader has exhausted all such other remedies. Compensation will only be paid in respect of loss by theft arising from burglary or housebreaking provided: (a) immediate notice of such event or events is given to the police; (b) there is visible evidence of forcible entry of the dwelling-house or apartments; (c) the dwelling-house or apartments have been occupied for ordinary residence by the Registered Reader or a member of his or her household within seven days preceding the breaking and entering; (d) loss has not been occasioned or contributed to by the negligence of the occupier, his or her servant or agent; (e) the first £2 of any loss shall be borne by the Registered Reader, and (f) that in the case of jewellery and/or furs compensation will be limited to a maximum of £20. Any misrepresentation or wilful mis-statement of fact shall disqualify an application.

(j) The fire, burglary and housebreaking and other household benefits apply to the Registered Reader's household furniture and personal effects excepting money in cash or the equivalent in his or her private dwelling-house (being of permanent construction and of a fixed location) or apartments in such dwelling-house or dwelling rooms which are attached to business premises of the Registered Reader at the address registered, but not to the contents of business premises or stock-in-trade.

(k) To become recipient of rent benefit the Registered Reader must either be responsible for and furnish proof of amount of rent, or be beneficial owner, and furnish proof of net rateable assessment, which shall be deemed as rent.

(l) In order to comply with the requirements of the law, the Proprietors of "John Bull" have to announce that while this Free Insurance Scheme does not involve any contractual liability, it has the financial backing and support of Odhams Press Limited (the Proprietors of "John Bull"), whose issued share capital is £1,875,000.

(m) The Proprietors may at any time discontinue or make any amendment to these Benefits and/or Conditions by the publication of a notice in "John Bull," also they reserve the right to refuse or cancel any registration at any time. In any event these benefits will terminate at midnight of the thirty-first day of December, 1935.

(n) In the case of change of address and/or Newsagent, a fresh coupon must be forwarded for registration, for which an acknowledgment must be received, and a fresh order form lodged with the newsagent, otherwise no Benefits will be allowed.

(o) In the event of any dispute between the Reader or any applicant under this gift and the Proprietors of "John Bull" the same shall be referred to arbitration in London in accordance with the statutory provisions for the time being in force applicable thereto, and the obtaining of an award shall be a condition precedent to any right of action.

If you are already registered, there is no need to complete these forms unless you have changed your address or your Newsagent.

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.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address.....

.....

Date..... .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 29/12/34.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent. .....

.....

Date..... .....

Use halfpenny stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if halfpenny stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**

J.B. 29/12/34

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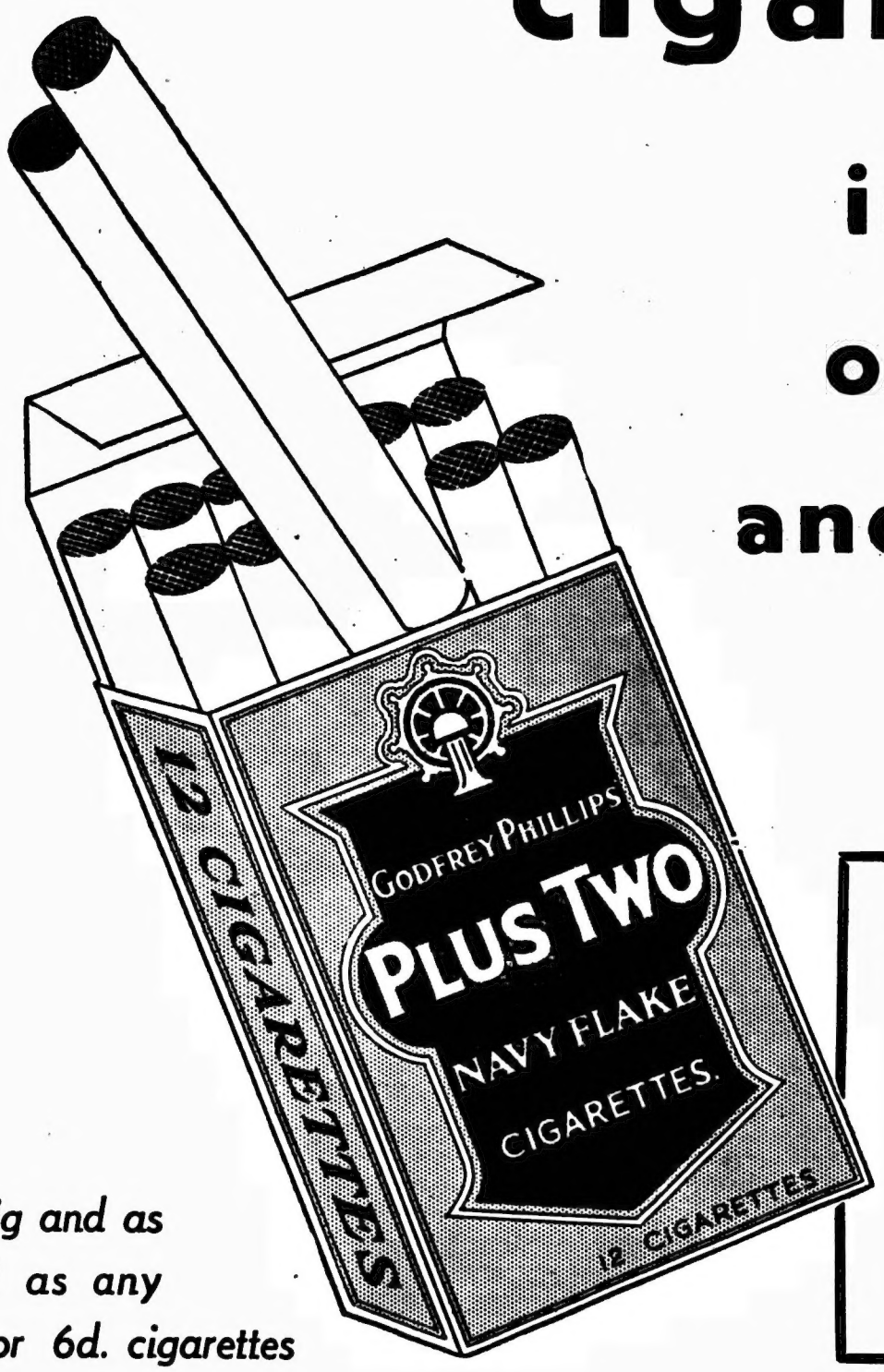

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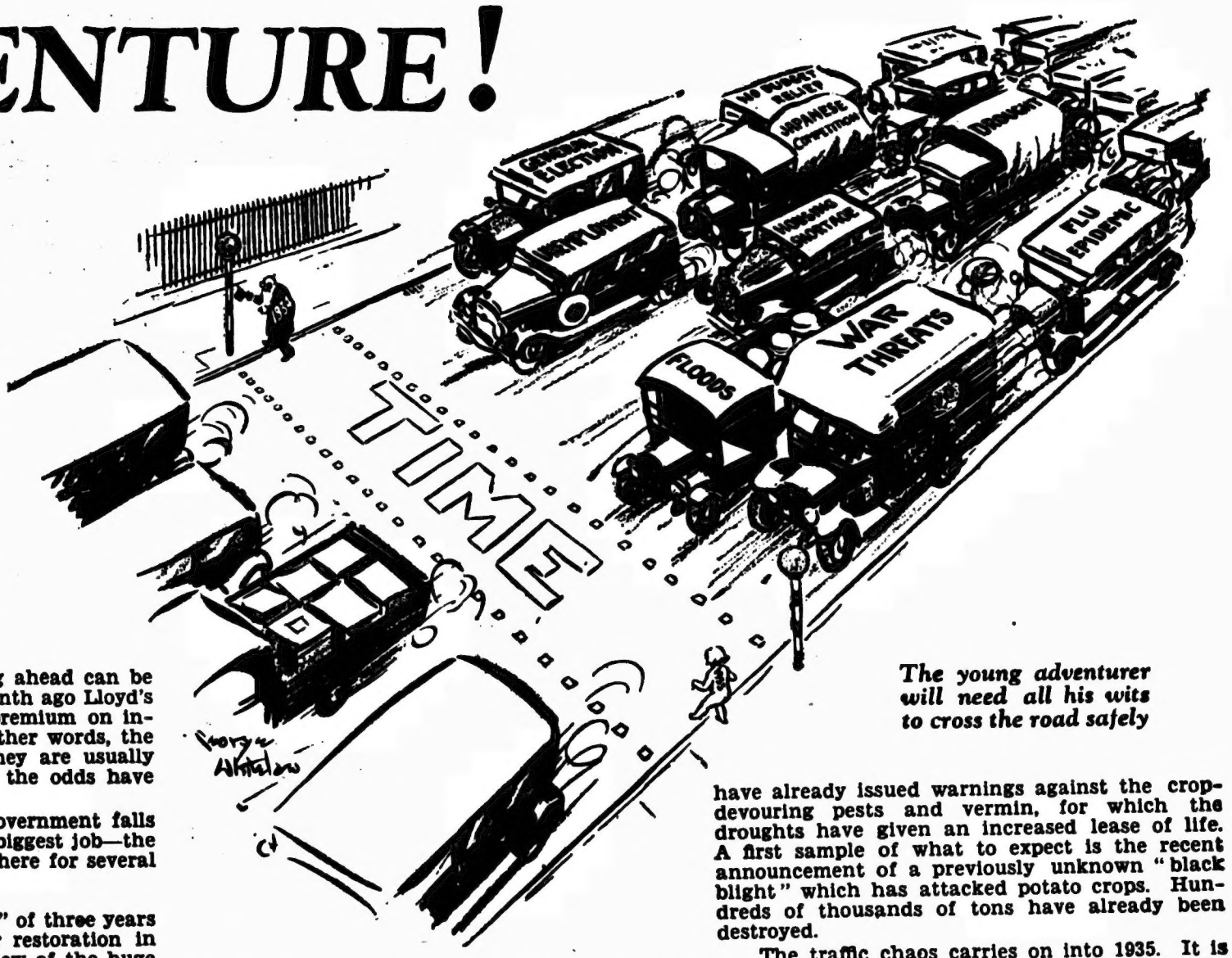

The young adventurer will need all his wits to cross the road safely

NEXT Tuesday the young New Year takes its first tentative steps across the road of time. And, while wishing all our readers the happiest of all New Years, JOHN BULL would like here, without fear or favour, to mark the chart with some of the snags, the dangers and the problems which young 1935 will very likely have to negotiate.

First and foremost, there is the virtual certainty of a general election before the year is out—an election with all its consequent dislocation of the nation's trade and finances.

That this is a very real snag ahead can be gathered from the fact that a month ago Lloyd's were demanding a 50 per cent. premium on insurance policies against it. In other words, the betting, in Lloyd's belief—and they are usually right—was only evens. By now the odds have shortened further still.

But whether the National Government falls or not, it still has to produce its biggest job—the Budget—and there is a big snag here for several million wage earners.

MANY of the Economy "cuts" of three years ago are due this year for restoration in whole or part. And, in view of the huge surplus already evident in the closing months of 1934, the great and sorely tried army of income-tax payers is confidently expecting some relief.

Unless, however, the "cut" employees and the taxpayers can get in their claims and press them as strongly as the Fighting Services before Budget Day, there is small chance of restoration or relief.

The Naval, Military and Air Force estimate builders are now planning with an eye on that surplus. Whitehall cabals are already pulling strings which end in the Treasury building. In the truest sense of the phrase, there is a *tug-of-war* for that surplus—between the armaments makers and the home-makers. And the former carry the weight and will probably win, especially as long as they are able to make capital out of the war threats that are constantly clouding the European sky.

Without FEAR or FAVOUR

And what new unemployment perils will confront us in 1935? We shall be lucky if we negotiate successfully additional dangers here, even if the general trade outlook shows signs of improvement.

First, the country may reap some unpleasant results of the Government's passion during the past year for quotas and the raising of tariff walls, with consequent diminishing of our export trade. It is unlikely that the export advantages which Britain gained through going off the gold standard will last another year. Second, the total will be swelled by the enormous increase in "school leavings" to be expected in this year.

Go to Agriculture for further snags. In 1934 the Milk Boards, Pig Boards and the other economic life-lines which have been thrown to the industry have proved themselves a failure. A plan which rushes farmers before Star Chambers and fines them savagely for supplying cheap milk to children, instead of running it down sewers, and which has made a staple food like bacon too dear for the majority of the population, cannot be expected to reap much else than disaster—if it continues.

Cotton provides another problem. It is certain that there will be an intensification of Japanese competition, yet the only help achieved in the Eastern markets is the arrangement with Ceylon. The outlook is not made happier by the demands of Lancashire cotton interests to "come in" on the subsidy racket. They want £2,000,000, *not* to produce more, but to shut down looms and so "reduce home competition for the available business."

THERE are a crop of miscellaneous snags at home for 1935 to face on its venturesome way.

The housing situation will be more acute. It is clear now that existing plans have broken down. Hundreds of thousands more people will want houses, in addition to the rehousing needs of the great army of the slums. A system that can only provide accommodation for a tenth of those who need it, at rents which absorb a quarter of wages as against the pre-war average of one-eighth, can only be counted as a failure and an increasing problem for the present year.

Other dangers of 1934 bear down again on the New Year. Floods and droughts, for instance, remain in all their folly and waste an unsettled and recurring problem.

There are legacies, too, from last year's droughts for 1935 to face. Government scientists have already issued warnings against the crop-devouring pests and vermin, for which the droughts have given an increased lease of life. A first sample of what to expect is the recent announcement of a previously unknown "black blight" which has attacked potato crops. Hundreds of thousands of tons have already been destroyed.

The traffic chaos carries on into 1935. It is still unsolved despite the Belisha beacons, and the scores of thousands more cars and other vehicles to be expected on already overcrowded roads can only make confusion worse confounded.

The Church carries a load of trouble into the New Year. It must face up to the tithes problem or risk permanent rupture with its greatest ally, the land. It has storms brewing within. The tragic paradox, for example, of thousands of clergy living on the starvation line in depleted livings, while brothers of the Cloth in tiny parishes draw huge stipends.

EVEN sport provides snags for the New Year. Cricket may be reft end to end this year by the still unsettled "body line" controversy, to which must now be added the new l.b.w. rule. Foremost authorities declare that this new rule will be the last straw for already overburdened batsmen. Matches will barely last two days, with consequent slaughter of gate receipts. Both the game and its finances will be the poorer.

No review of the difficulties that beset the young adventurer 1935 would be complete without a reference to that villain lying in wait for him, the influenza germ.

Nobody knows what this gangster really is. We all agree, however, that if he gets going he can easily become "Public Enemy No. 1."

Will he assail 1935 with his aches and pains? The medical prophets say "Yes," and give February as the month when a very severe 'flu epidemic will be at its peak.

There is, of course, a rosier side of the New Year picture. And this A. G. Gardiner shows to us on page 13.

But, whichever side of the picture we look at, one thing is certain—it's going to be a Great Adventure for 1935!

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Welcome to the Official Foster-Mothers!

The sort of officialdom we really like

A Happy New Year to All Our Readers!

IN wishing them that we are glad to be able to record one event that will make a whole lot of mothers happy in the New Year.

The health authorities of Birmingham are going to provide foster-mothers for the children of women who must go out to work and have no one to leave behind to take charge of their infants.

Mother's new help

These "temporary mothers" will be experienced women in whose care children can be left with absolute confidence. They will take charge of youngsters from the ages of two to five, tending them for a fixed period until the mothers return from work.

We could wish that the scheme was not confined to such very young children, but there can be no doubt that it is at least a move in the right direction.

End to worry

We understand that working mothers will be expected to contribute something towards the cost. But if a sympathetic view is taken of hard cases the plan is bound to smooth away the domestic worries of many a harassed home.

We know that some industrial towns —though very few—provide infant creches. But the advantages of children receiving individual attention in the atmosphere of home are so obvious that we need not stress them.

Lead to the country

Nor need we dwell on the anxieties of poor mothers who are forced to go out to supplement their husbands' meagre earnings, or are the sole breadwinners. It requires no flight of imagination to understand their fears while their children must be left alone.

By introducing the official foster-mother, Birmingham has given a lead to the rest of the country. And we hope it will not be long before other cities follow so excellent an example.

Another panel scandal

But we can't commend another example of officialdom—the way in which the Minister of Health's order for malingerers to be struck off health insurance benefit is being carried out.

People who *need* benefit are now being refused it. They are having to go back to work until they collapse.

One panel doctor in a big Southern town has had several shopgirls going to him requiring treatment for nervous breakdown. They have fainted at work, and on going back have collapsed again.

Health destroyed

The doctor knows that they should be given a rest. But if he dares to sanction this he is at once pounced on and told that nerve cases can best be dealt with by keeping the patient at work.

The result in many cases is a complete undermining of the girls' health.

This is the wrong kind of economy for a Minister of Health to tolerate.

Hell on earth

But we note with satisfaction that the T.U.C. is calling for the abolition of a war-time measure — that permitting women and young people to be employed on a two-shift system.

It has been proved to be injurious to health and an obstacle to education, so destructive of home life that mothers say it means "hell on earth."

And if there's any reason why women and boys and girls should be compelled to work abnormally early in the morning, or very late at night, we have yet to hear it.

Infamous hardship

We hope Parliament agrees to the proposal that separate rooms for boys and girls over ten must be provided in every household. But won't that cause some heartburning to backward local councils!

Consider a really abominable case at Shepshed, Leicestershire. In a house with one bedroom and one lower room live a man, his wife, their three boys and three girls.

Yet they have been refused a council house, though a councillor produced the rent book to show they were not in arrears.

The bigwigs act

And, as he has asked his colleagues on the council, "Do you expect any morals when lads of thirteen and girls of fifteen are mixing with one another?"

Their reply was to order a notice to be served for *an abatement of the overcrowding!*

So they presumably think that the children should be sent into the workhouse.

Babies unwanted

Then, at Rhyl, a caravan-dweller has told Judge Sir Artemus Jones that deserving parents can't get council houses, but that people without children can.

"If I sat here as a Mussolini or a Hitler," said the judge, "I might do all sorts of things for you."

We fear that with the powers of those two dictators rolled into one he'd have a troublesome job with some of our municipal monstrosities, who seem to regard the possession of baby motor-cars as a better passport to council houses than the babies of poorly paid workers.

Lifeline for King Coal?

A reader of Mr. E. Shinwell's recent JOHN BULL article, "Letting King Coal Drown," asks if it would not be possible to get up a monster petition for mining reform "which Parliament could not ignore."

That seems to us a good idea, but we're not so sure about it forcing the Government to act.

The way our Ministers are treating the distressed areas doesn't give us much hope that they would adopt drastic measures to help the coal industry. More's the pity!

Another Panel Injustice

What a Hero—at Twelve

Generous

And as it isn't often we get an opportunity to put in a good word for colliery owners, we hasten to express our admiration of the Powell Duffryn Company's gesture towards the unemployed miners of Rhymney.

Five hundred of them have been granted facilities to work two levels in order to provide their homes with coal, while for twopence a week they are insured against accident and death.

Youthful pluck

Now let us give honourable mention to twelve-year-old Eddie O'Connell, of Bradford. He was wheeling his baby brother in a pram when a wall collapsed and overwhelmed them with bricks and mortar.

Eddie flung himself over the pram and saved the baby's life at the cost of bruises to them both.

His quickness to act would have been commendable in an adult, his selflessness commands our admiration.

Never too late!

There is a real never-say-die spirit about that Blackburn man who, at eighty-nine, has told the savings bank that he will want his savings to buy a house when he is ninety.

His reply to the statement that the money is available to buy one now is that when he is ninety will be soon enough.

What a lesson to those who think that life has passed them by at forty!

Forlorn hope

Here's thanking Mr. Barrington Ward, the Lambeth magistrate, for explaining a Latin phrase to a puzzled policeman.

Perhaps it's too much to expect officialdom to take a leaf out of his book, so that we got income-tax papers we could understand and Acts of Parliament we could follow well enough to obey. Still, everything comes in time. And one day English may become our official language.

What a parent!

Much as we favour the suppression of juvenile offenders' names, we're sometimes sorry that the law is equally kind to their parents.

Certainly we wish we could tell you the name of the Liverpool father whose young son was fined 2s. 6d. for stealing a bottle of milk—his first offence.

"I hoped you would send him away to a school," the father asked. "He will only be getting into trouble again."

What an example of parental control!

Profitable smiles

Then, we see, a Wimbledon boy who left school four years ago has had nineteen jobs. His luck in getting them is said to have been due to his happy smile.

Here is food for thought for lads who have tried for years to get their first job —in vain. Still, when luck does veer their way, we hope they won't be fools enough to throw away the chances they have longed for.

Houses in jackets

We have often feared that some council houses might develop into slums. Now we're wondering if some of them will last long enough.

A further ninety-six council homes at Grays, Essex—built under the Addison scheme—have been found to need a brick jacket built round them to keep them up! Cost—£83 each.

When will officialdom learn that "cheap and nasty" becomes pretty costly in the long run?

At long last

One bright Spring forecast for sportsmen is the probable disappearance of welshers from point-to-point races, where the rogues have been reaping rich harvests for ages past.

At long last the National Hunt Committee is likely to end the scandal by barring all but accredited "bookies." Well, better late than never.

Facing both ways

We are told that Nottingham alone has 2,400 gaming machines, and if you have a mathematical turn of mind you might work out the probable number in the whole country.

The really strange thing is that Whitehall, which is so firmly opposed to lotteries and similar forms of gambling, makes the first sure profit on these machines by taxing them when they come into the country.

You don't have to go back to the "Pilgrim's Progress" to find Mr. Facing-both-ways!

Salvage sensation

The drastic reorganisation of the London Salvage Corps, which we exclusively predicted nearly a year ago, has now been officially announced. It will involve a reduction in the staff of no fewer than thirty-two men.

At one time, as we stated, the disbandment of the whole Corps was contemplated.

We bow

"It would be superfluous for me to say how thankful and indebted I am to you," writes a reader. "Suffice it to say that the very valuable assistance you have so graciously given to me could only be expected from men who control a journal such as JOHN BULL."

Well, we're not going to be mock-modest. Whatever your problem, our Free Advice Service will solve it.

Nothing doing

Another reader, who refused a share offer from the bucket-shop of J. Thomson and Co., New Stone Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, received a reply regretting that their methods were "disturbing to his local slumbers."

We think our readers are particularly wide-awake when they refuse to be blarneyed by J. Thomson and Co.

The Fragrant Minute

"LOTS OF ROOM"

THERE'S room in the world for all of us,
so don't you bluster, and don't you fuss.
Hold to your views, leave his alone.
The world wasn't made for you to own.

There's room in the world for more than you.
So don't be grabbing the whole day through;
pushing and grabbing, so fearful lest you won't
be getting the very best!

There's room in the world for lots of people.
Stars may hob-nob with tree-top and steeple. But
everyday humans (like you are and I) had better not
pass each other by, but lend a hand and laughing,
say "There's lots of room for us all to-day!"

Wilhelmina Stitch,

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Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

SPIRIT HEALING—

YES, or NO?

BISHOP Carey, who has himself "laid on hands," here discusses a controversial question which has once again come into prominence through the opening of a church of Spiritual Healing in this country. The views he expresses are not necessarily those of "John Bull."

A Vexed Church Problem discussed by Bishop Carey

Bishop of Bloemfontein

SHOULD the Church revive Spiritual Healing? That is a question many people must be asking themselves after reading the other day about the clergyman who, with his Bishop's permission, has begun the practice of such healing at a Brighton church.

It is a question which was discussed at the Lambeth Conference in 1930, when it was recommended that doctors and clergy should co-operate more and more and that regular intercessory prayer groups should be organised in every parish.

This last is actually being done by the Guild of St. Raphael, which was formed in 1915 and which now has 350 priest members, 2,500 lay members and a special Youth Group. Its objects are to revive the ancient Church methods of healing—that is Unction, the laying on of hands, and intercessory prayer.

Let us, in discussing this question, ask ourselves: Did the miracles described in the New Testament really happen, and, if so, can similar miracles of healing be performed to-day? Can we take Christ's injunction to His Disciples to go and do likewise as something which applies to Christians in 1934, and can Spiritual Healing be brought into line with modern science?

All I can say is that there are some things which we bishops and clergy frankly do not understand and cannot demonstrate. In Africa, for instance, I know that there are Dark Forces of evil, but I cannot, as it were, place them under the microscope. Nor can we show by laboratory tests what it is that constitutes the religious spark in a man's soul.

So it is with Spiritual Healing. I have seen so-called "miracles" of healing take place, but I cannot explain them.

☆ ★ ☆

WHEN first I began to lay hands on sick people I was doubtful about what would happen, and to this day I am still doubtful when I do so. Sometimes the patient recovers rapidly, sometimes it is only his spiritual and mental condition which changes for the better, and sometimes nothing seems to happen at all. I do not in the least know why this is so.

I once laid hands on a woman, a French Protestant, who could not get out of her chair, being crippled with rheumatoid arthritis. Eighteen months later when I returned to the town where she lived a doctor who had attended her chaffingly remarked, "What have you done to my patient? If you go on doing this sort of thing there will be no work left for us doctors." Soon afterwards I met her husband, who thanked me. He said that she had been healed from the very hour in which I had laid hands on her.

On the other hand, it sometimes happens that Spiritual Healing causes a rapid but peaceful passing.

I once laid hands on a woman who was suffering from cancer in an advanced stage. The pain left her soon afterwards, and she passed away. On the day before her death she summoned her children and told them she was going to die on the morrow. She was quite cheerful about it, and said that she had now come to see that death was not an enemy at all.

As far as I can judge, healing is of three different kinds. The first is healing by suggestion—the sort which is practised successfully by many persons who actually cure people provided they can persuade them to believe in their remedies. The second is personal or magnetic healing by people with a special healing gift. And the third is direct Spiritual Healing where the patient is brought into touch with Divine Forces by someone who regards himself as a humble agent.

One of the most famous healers by the second method was the late James Moore Hickson, who conducted missions of healing in many of our colonies and dominions. I have seen undoubted cures due to his ministry; on the other hand, there were many people whom he failed to heal.

Before treating any patient he would imply if not say "If you are not cured, it will be due to your lack of faith."

Now this is an attitude with which I cannot agree. Who but God himself knows why one patient is cured and another is not? If I treat a sick man I am always careful to say to him "I will lay hands on you provided you are not disappointed if nothing happens. Perhaps you will be cured, perhaps you will not be. I don't know the why and the wherefore of it. That you will receive light and help I truly believe, but I cannot pretend to guarantee bodily cure."

☆ ★ ☆

AND this brings me to the question of exactly on what lines Spiritual Healing should be organised if the Church is to revive it as a normal part of its ministry.

Are we to revert to the ancient methods in their original form, or are we to work in line with the latest discoveries of doctors and psychologists? Are we simply to lay hands on the patient, or anoint him with oil, and hope for the best; or should priests attend classes in psychology and attempt to diagnose the complexes and psychoses from which a patient may be suffering?

There are some people who argue in this way: they say that yesterday doctors were concerned only with the body, that to-day they have extended the range of medical science so that it includes the mind, and that to-morrow they will join hands with the clergy in treating the soul.

What I feel about this is that we still know very little indeed about the subject. What *is* a spirit or a soul, and where is the boundary between spirit and mind?

Unless we know this, how are we to get at a man's soul, diagnose its maladies and treat it? We can only bring the patient to God and ask Him to do it for us.

We are here touching upon a mystery which science has scarcely even approached, and this, I think, many doctors realise, for there seems to be a growing desire within the medical profession that doctors and clergy should join hands, each, of course, keeping within his own sphere of action.

☆ ★ ☆

THERE is, I am told, a permanent committee of doctors and clergy appointed by the Lambeth Conference of 1920, which still exists to advise on this question of co-operation.

Lord Horder mentioned recently that many doctors to-day were embarrassed because their consulting-rooms were becoming something like Confessionals. Here is a case in which the medical profession is having thrust upon it work which properly belongs to the Church.

In a revival of Spiritual Healing I think that patients should be encouraged to unburden their minds to a priest before he attempts to heal them, but I am against Confession being made so absolutely obligatory.

I think, too, that priests who hear these confessions should learn as much as they can about psychology, because without this knowledge they might well lose their way in the labyrinths of the human mind. The Institute of Medical Psychology, I am told, has already offered a special course of lectures to clergymen to assist them in psychological cases.

In the early days of the Church there was a Ministry of Exorcists and there were certain people who possessed what was called a *charisma*, or gift of healing. Do such people exist to-day? Probably they do, and when we understand more about such things it may be that we shall find out how to detect the gift and organise similar ministries again.

It may be that the sick will be brought to such people for healing as a matter of course, and that the medical profession will recognise the gift and not feel that those who exercise it are encroaching upon their own particular preserves.

☆ ★ ☆

BUT, most of all, I hope that true Spiritual Healing will be revived and inspired by an awakened sense of corporateness within the Church.

I believe that the miracles of healing performed by the early Christian Church were made possible by a very strong sense of unity, a keen, vital feeling of faith which filled those Christians of 1,900 years ago. Their faith formed a sort of power-house from which the healing force flowed; or, shall I say, it formed the link which placed the sick people in touch with the Healing Force which flows from God?

That, I think, was the secret of those astonishing cures about which we read in the Acts and elsewhere. They were not peculiar to any particular period in history, but only to the spiritual atmosphere which prevailed.

If we could have a genuine spiritual revival within the Church, if we could feel again that sense of unity and strength, then I believe that a new age of what we now call miracles would dawn.

The PRINCE who

"To him a man is a man whether he has a job or whether he hasn't..." The Prince of Wales talks things over with workless men at Bristol.

"I WANT to see things for myself."

Years ago the Prince of Wales said that when he was visiting some coalfields. He had become impatient with people who wanted to shepherd him and with people who wanted to follow him.

Having seen things for himself in the war, he set out to see things for himself in the so-called peace. And he has seen them despite Lord Lieutenants, Lord Mayors, Mayors, Town Clerks, Chief Constables, the Arrangers of Tours, and all the hosts of officials who bloom like the flowers in spring when a Royal journey is to be arranged.

That is why, only a few weeks ago, when the year 1934 was beginning to flicker out, and everybody was waiting for the first faint streaks of another annual dawn and wondering what it would bring, he said: "The tasks ahead of us require not only a friendly heart and a serving hand, but an understanding mind."

Heart, hand, mind

What he had learned by experience led him to add that "All problems at bottom are human problems." And it is because of the knowledge he has gleaned for himself and wrapped up in those few words that he himself has become possessed of the friendly heart, the serving hand, and the understanding mind.

He has only recently returned from a visit to the unemployed centres in Durham—a tour through one of the depressed areas that made him much older than the forty years he has lived. He upset many of the official arrangements. When he was supposed to go here or there he just went somewhere else, "drifting along" in his lounge suit, his overcoat and his bowler hat, into places where nobody expected him to go, and chatting to people who had never dreamed of meeting him.

He talked more to those he was not supposed to meet than to those who had arranged to meet him. Guides who meant to take him to the right suddenly discovered that he had gone to the left.

No blinkers

And he spent more time in the places nobody supposed he would see than in those where he was expected. Not, of course, that there was anything especially to be hidden in the places he did visit. But it was just his way.

"I want to see things for myself."

. . .

That is what he has been doing all the year. He went to Birmingham to see a fine new housing scheme, but he went to the slums also, tramping down little alley-ways, looking at open drains, seeing foul refuse bins, and what may be respectably described (as far as anything respectable can be associated with them) as "communal lavatories." He entered one little dwelling and asked if it was damp. Finding that it was, he called in the Medical Officer of Health.

It was only when the Lord Mayor said: "We appreciate your wish that we should not hide our defects" that Birmingham knew the Prince had more or less bluntly said he intended to go just where he liked.

Since last Christmas he has been right through the country. He has studied on the spot the problem of unemployment in rural areas, has lunched in a Cornish clay-pit, has told a country headmaster that it was a pity so much money was spent on luxury schools when so often it could better be spent in providing decent homes for the children who attended the more ordinary schools, has been to Wales, Glasgow, Yorkshire, and other parts of the country attacking slums, urging the claims of welfare work, pleading for schemes of employment.

Always his text has been the need of the friendly heart, the serving hand and the understanding mind. Sometimes to carry that message and inspire it with his own presence and personality he has travelled forty-eight hours with hardly a break.

Housing and unemployment are his two special preoccupations. He has an unspeakable loathing for the slum conditions he has seen for himself, and he is filled with a bitter human sorrow for the plight of the vast army of workless men and the women and children who share their poverty.

He was once called Britain's greatest commercial traveller. He is rapidly becoming one of Britain's greatest humanitarians.

A man's a man—

Here is a story he himself told not long ago: "A man was walking along the streets of one of our big cities, and he saw some boys waiting to go into a kinema. He said, 'You boys look hungry; have you enough to eat?' Then he lectured them about going to the kinema. They gave him a very simple answer. They told him, 'We would sooner be hungry than bored.'"

The Prince of Wales did not say who the man was and, of course, he could not have been the Prince himself, because he would not have "lectured" the boys. But his comment was illuminating. "Keep them from getting bored," he said. "Keep them from getting down too much while they are out of a job."

Another thing he has been preaching week after week and month after month—the social necessity of drawing no distinction between the man who has a job and the man who has not. He hates the idea that the less fortunate should be segregated from the more fortunate.

There lies still another keynote to his character. To him a man is a man whether he has a job or whether he hasn't, and he thinks that every man should have a chance to have one. And to him a family is a human unit to be decently housed, decently clothed, adequately fed, and given the opportunity of being proud that these things are theirs because they work for them and get the fruits of their labour.

This great urge has come over him during the last few years—since the war. He could have "sat back" enjoying the luxury of his bachelordom—hunting, motoring, dancing, playing his golf and doing little else.

Well, he does motor, dance and golf, but he also sees things for himself, and that is why, during the year that is just ending, he has spent most of his time getting about among his people, storing up first-hand knowledge of how they live, and wrestling away to improve the conditions of

SEES *for* HIMSELF

those over whom he may one day rule.

During the last twelve months he has travelled tens of thousands of miles, sparing himself even less than his staff. He has agreed to ceremonial functions when they have been unavoidable, but he has been more satisfied in mind when he has jammed on a bowler hat or pulled his cloth cap down to the familiar angle and gone foot-slogging round the villages or the tucked-away side streets of the cities, finding things out for himself.

Ideas, and good ones

There are many civic dignitaries who have been left wondering just what has happened to make all the carefully prepared plans go awry, and there are members of the Prince's staff who know what it means when someone says: "Oh, for heaven's sake, shut up. I'm going where I want to go, and I'm going to see what I can find."

And having gone where he wanted to go, and having found many things which nobody expected him to find, he has not left it at that. He has "played merry Hell" over some of the things he has found—although that, of course, is not a phrase that a prince would use!

He has demanded reports and statistics. He has put forward ideas and has made certain that the opinions he has obtained about them are not sycophantic but honest-to-goodness ones. And he has remembered to find out what has happened to them.

Everywhere he has been greeted by welcoming crowds. The out-of-works have cheered him as heartily as the in-works, the women as warmly as the men. It is because they know he has set out to do things as well as to see things.

Way of fellowship

All through his journeys he has pleaded the uplifting grace of voluntary help. He does not mean that that should take the place of national responsibility, but he does believe that everyone who is more fortunately placed should "do his bit." And he proves that belief by doing his bit.

As he himself said not long ago: "Let self-help go hand-in-hand with mutual service. Let the State do its utmost by political and economic devices, but there is no remedy which will ever replace, or make obsolete, the way of fellowship."

Time and again he reveals this intensely human side, stirred not only by the tragedy, but the heroism of those who suffer under what he once called "the intolerable nightmare of unemployment." He admires them as much as he sorrows for them, and this was shown by a story he told of a Christmas committee meeting in a small club in a very poor neighbourhood of London.

"The members," he said, "mostly unemployed or casually employed, with large families and living in two rooms on a small weekly income, had already contributed towards a Christmas party for their own children. Further suggestions were called for by the chairman, and one man got up and proposed that another subscription should be raised among the members for another party for the children of people in the neighbourhood even poorer than themselves and who had not the benefit of the club and the canteen. This was done."

His attack

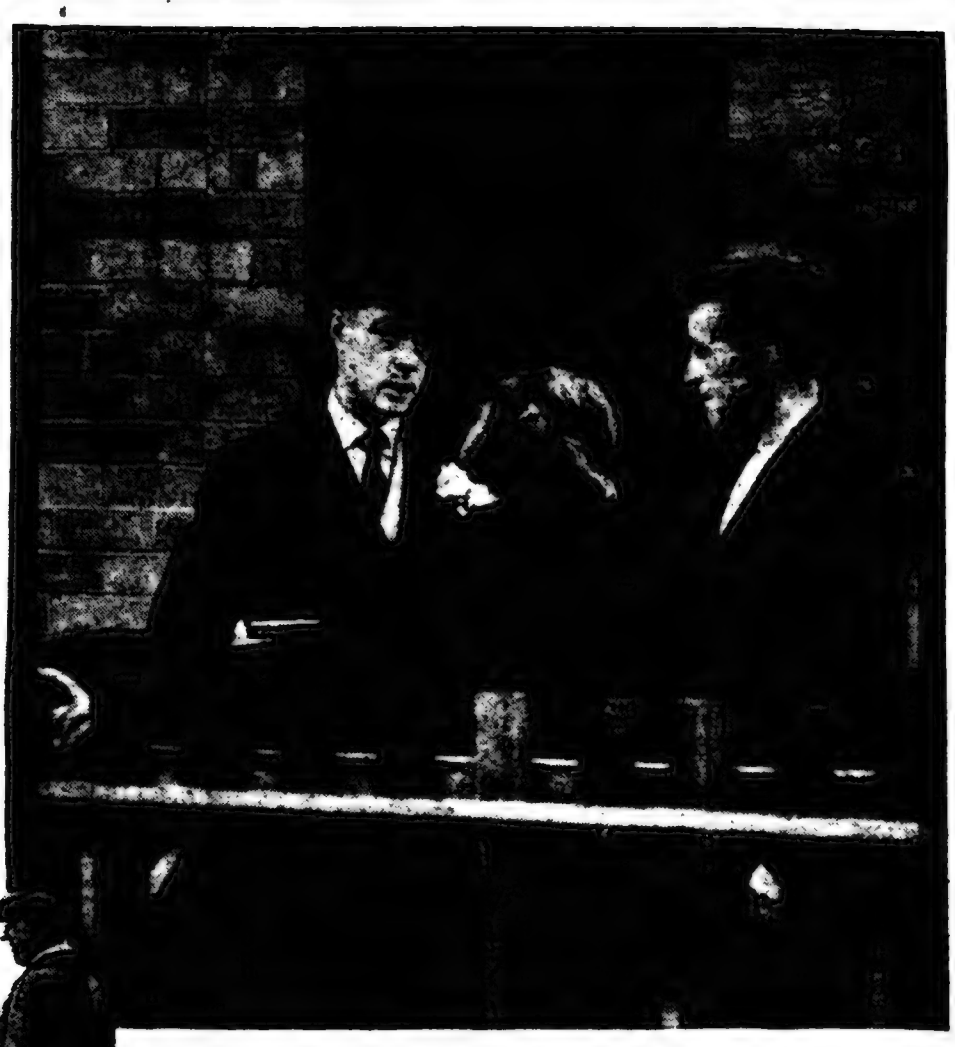
That is the sort of thing that "hits" the Prince of Wales.

With all his charm, his sudden fits of impatience, his enjoyment of social and athletic life, he has a well-ordered mind, a tremendous tenacity of purpose, and the pluck to come out into the open and say what he means.

Just over a year ago he launched a heavy attack on slum conditions. He had already visited many of the dreadful areas that so shocked and disturbed him. All through this year he has been following up those investigations, north, south, east and west, and at the same time lending a hand to movements designed to maintain the morale of the unemployed and keep them fit for the jobs of work when they come.

He has been again to the distressed areas and to comparatively prosperous areas, and has seen that heart-breaking and body-breaking slums are still sprawling over the land.

And having done that, he has come back to London, as he did a few weeks ago, and gone down to the Guildhall to challenge openly no less a body than the Royal Institute of British Architects to show its worth by producing plans for rebuilding the black spots.



He goes into the people's homes and finds things that nobody expects him to find. And he does not leave it at that . .

"Get on with it!"

"To-day," he told them, "we are not the individualists we were in Victorian and Edwardian days. We are now living, mostly because of the results of the world war, a life which is far more collective in principle than individualistic. Wealth is more evenly distributed throughout the country than it has ever been, and the interest of professional men in common with the interest of commercial men is being directed to a closer consideration of the mass of the people and their requirements than it is to the individual plan. My visits to the distressed areas and my knowledge of the slums of our great cities has impressed on me the urgent necessity for the rebuilding of those areas and for the rehousing of those in the slums."

And so the Prince, very courteously but very firmly, told the Royal Institute of British Architects to get on with their part of the job.

"You are charged," he said to this gathering of famous men, "with the great and honourable duty of educating the people of your country to better living more than you are charged with idealising units of architecture."

Switch off from the Guildhall now, and get on to Barnsley to listen to what Herbert Smith, the old Yorkshire miners' leader, said to the Prince a year ago: "God-speed in trying to solve this difficult slum problem. . . . I know you are imbued with the idea of doing something for the unemployed, and it would be a good thing if we could sit down together and discuss this thing coolly and collectively to see what it is best to do. . . . I am putting my confidence in you, and I hope you may long be spared to go on pursuing your work."

Herbert Smith, with his blunt tongue and his cloth cap, used to get down to brass tacks in miners' negotiations at Downing Street. His gift of summing things up still held when he talked to the Prince of Wales—the man who sets out to see things for himself.

ON *with the* WEDDING!

BARNSLEY, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, is a county borough and a famous market town, with a population numbering more than seventy thousand. The soft burr of the accent of men who work in the mines, on the moors and in the factories sounds pleasing to the ear.

They are hospitable in the North, and the housewives are thrifty and shrewd. There is, for example, a young miner of Stairfoot who planned to get married.

With the bride of his choice he started to save and get things together in readiness for the event. He gathered shillings and bought bed-linen, he gathered a few pounds and he bought himself furniture.

Times were uncertain, he was in and out of work, but with a steady eye on the future, the many little necessaries were gradually assembled.

But the Stairfoot miner's home was visited by fire. The cry rang out one night when it was least expected. The articles which were stored away in anticipation of wedding bells were among the things which were destroyed.

"We shall have to put the wedding off, then," said the prospective bride with determination. "We shall see about that," replied Ted, who had a card up his sleeve.

He was a registered reader of JOHN BULL, you see, and so he was eligible for benefit under our Free Insurance scheme. He made his application, and we sent him a cheque covering the cost of the damage.

* * *

"Nobody could be more thankful," the young miner writes. And so there are wedding bells in Barnsley, after all.

You will find the moral to this little story on pages 4 and 5. Fill in the coupon and register with JOHN BULL. It costs you nothing

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to LORD TRENT

You've Shown It Can be Done

DEAR LORD TRENT,—Your experiment with a five-day week, instituted in your great factories, was a bold one.

You were not a municipal corporation or a public body which could afford to put social amelioration before the need for making profit. You found yourself at the head of a great business, which your father had built up in spite of his physical incapacitation. You had grave responsibilities to shareholders. You were the custodian of millions of pounds of other people's money.

And yet you dared to give to the people in your Nottingham factories and offices two days off out of every seven. And now, you proudly declare, "Our five-day week experiment has proved so successful that it is being continued indefinitely."

Generally speaking, this five-day week experiment has worked well. When, four years ago, a Liverpool firm of clothing manufacturers instituted such a scheme, without any reduction in wages, they found that the greater output per worker amply justified the experiment. They discovered that long week-ends resulted in increased keenness among the staff and that a fewer number of hours was lost through ill-health and late arrivals.

* * *

Various experiments of this kind have taken place all over the country—yours has received the most notice because of the vastness of your business—and in every case, I believe, they have worked well.

I remember when the late George Cadbury showed me over Bournville, years ago, and I saw the improved surroundings in which his people worked, that he disavowed any desire to be benevolent.

"It is good business," he said.

The same thing has been true of the housing schemes in Port Sunlight. Wherever, in fact, an employer has dealt with the human side of his business in a humane manner, he has discovered that it paid him.

Looking back on industrial history, we learn that a century ago it was thought necessary to send young children down mines, where they worked in the dark for twelve hours a day, and even more. Child labour was considered necessary to business.

Because of a century of trade union work, all that is now regarded as part of the Dark Ages. Yet, even to-day, the working classes of the country are kept in their workshops for millions of hours which are unnecessary, and which, indeed, are uneconomic.

"The total wage bill must be increased," you say, explaining that this is the only alternative to a reduction in the individual weekly wage for fewer hours, and then you say, "There's only one source of wages—sales."

This, of course, is your own problem. But that is not the nation's problem.

The Labour Party is now stressing the need for a forty-hour week. When I was a boy, a seventy-hour week was by no means uncommon, while an eighty-hour week was not unknown. Now we are down to a general acceptance of the forty-eight-hour week idea. When the forty-hour week has been won, there will soon be a demand for the thirty-five-hour week, and then for a thirty-hour week.

The truth is that, all the time machinery is becoming more efficient, more "labour-saving," to use the common phrase, and that therefore, unless work can be shared out more and more, it means that the line of unemployed must automatically become longer, unless an ever-shortened week keeps pace with the increased use of machinery.

Your experiment is important because it proves what a big employer can do, with benefit to himself, in reducing unnecessarily numerous hours.

When, in the World's Fair, Chicago, a few months ago, I saw a farm tractor working without any human assistance, except that it obeyed the orders of a man's voice—it started, went to the right or left, and stopped when he told it to—it was easy to visualise a time when, if all the fields of the United States were a standard size, one man speaking from a tower, say, in Washington, could control with the sound of his voice all the farm tractors of America!

This is not a wild dream, but a possibility of the near future.

* * *

Archbishop Downey has just deplored the way in which machinery has been used, not for the benefit of the many but to their detriment. His is not a voice crying in the wilderness. He expresses the opinion of all the enlightened people of the land.

When I was a boy, the unemployed used to claim "the right to work." The phrase is still used. It is old-fashioned.

It makes people think in terms of subsistence for work, whereas the truth is that Man was given an inventive faculty so that he could build up a machine which would do the work for him. Already, so highly evolved is the Machine, that the world's work can be done to-day in three hours per day per person! That will automatically come down until it is one hour per day per person, or less.

We are living, indeed, on the verge of an era in which, if we properly use all the means at our disposal, Man will be able to enjoy that cultured leisure which was the Merrie England of William Morris's dreams. Your scheme is one of the landmarks that point the way. It is important because it comes, not from a Socialist, but from an employer.

Britain will have been turned into a kingdom of heaven on earth when all the people of good will, never mind what their station or degree of wealth, join in helping to bring about the new condition.

The alternative to that new condition is a hell which I prefer not to visualise. It is too awful to contemplate.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

THE DUKE OF SOMERSET,
Maiden Bradley, Somerset

YOUR GRACE,—Talking to boys about the ridicule of the old school tie, you say they should not let anyone abuse it under any conditions.

Abuse it! The ridicule is directed at swankers who, simply because their parents had sent them to a public school, regard themselves as loftily superior.

And that's a form of priggish snobbery bound to arouse derision in these de-bunking days.

JOHN BULL.

Judge SIR WILLIAM CANN,
Bow County Court

YOUR HONOUR,—Don't you sometimes wish you could make the punishment fit the "crime"?

A sick man, three of whose children were also ill, asked you to order his landlord to stop water pouring into his rooms through a leak in the roof. But you could only sympathise with him.

What a pity you couldn't condemn the landlord to spend a month under that leaky roof! JOHN BULL.

ADMIRAL THE EARL OF CORK,
Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet

DEAR ADMIRAL,—"I will tell you in straight language what the Navy is for—to keep the foreigner from fooling us," you declare.

Yet we have, apparently, already been fooled by the notion that admirals belong to the "Silent Service."

Stick to your guns—and leave hot air to the politicians! JOHN BULL.

THE MAGISTRATES,
Reading

GENTLEMEN,—I cannot find a spark of humanity in your treatment of the blind fruit-seller who was ordered to pay 17s. 6d. for allowing his horse and cart to stand in the street.

He told you he had no money and a wife and nine children to keep. Whereupon you announced that he would not be given time to pay but must go to jail for twelve days!

Justice is supposed to be blind, like that poor fruit-seller. Must it also be purblind? JOHN BULL.

THE JOINT COMMITTEE,
Brighton, Hove and Worthing Airport

DEAR SIRS,—Your action in giving the £26,000 job of building your airport to a local firm has a fine ring of parish patriotism about it. But why did you invite outside tenders and then refuse them even when they were lower?

One firm willing to do the work at less cost spent £30 on preparing its tender, apart from professional services.

Do you call that playing the game?

JOHN BULL.

MR. A. A. MILNE: You think some great men don't realise their importance. But so many little men think they're great that the word has lost its meaning.—JOHN BULL.

ROBERT EGERTON,
Nottingham

EGERTON,—So the long arm of the law has reached out and grabbed you—after eleven years!

When you were down-and-out then, a Runcorn resident gave you a night's free lodging. Next morning two watches, a medal and a silver chain were missing—so were you.

I rejoice that you will also be missing from decent society for the next two months and I hope you'll find that spell in jail much less pleasant than the Good Samaritan's home you abused.

JOHN BULL.

Sir WYNDHAM PORTAL,
South Wales

DEAR SIR WYNDHAM,—Poor children in Wales couldn't get the Christmas trees you had promised them because of various difficulties, but I think they will be consoled by your New Year's gift.

You and your friends have raised £2,000 to provide them with boots, a warm-hearted gesture of sympathy that I know will be deeply appreciated.

JOHN BULL.

THE TOWN COUNCIL,
Hastings

GENTLEMEN,—You'll have a thorny question to decide at your meeting next week—whether to spend £100,000 on a double-deck parade and other improvements at St. Leonards.

One councillor has already told you that "visitors want the beach, not a parade." I think they want both.

And so long as the new promenade doesn't take away too much of the sands—go ahead with your big scheme.

JOHN BULL.

Miss JOAN GRAVES,
Liverpool

DEAR JOAN,—Though only eleven years old, you fought your way through smoke into a blazing bedroom. Then, taking your half-suffocated brother and sister under your arms, you carried them out to safety.

There was once another Joan who was a heroine and whom people think of with pride. I am proud of you, too.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. A. D. LINDSAY,
Master of Balliol, Oxford

DEAR SIR,—Thousands of dead dons must be stirring uneasily in their graves because of your boldness.

You declare that Britain is not a free country to those unemployed who "are cheeky and troublesome if they ask sometimes for what they ought to have."

I must say I believe they get a better deal here than elsewhere. But I'm glad that you, like myself, are championing the cause of the underdog.

JOHN BULL.

WILLIAM SCANTLEBURY,
Callington, Cornwall

BRUTE,—Because you are an old man of seventy-six your cruelty is all the more revolting.

Finding a cat in a rabbit gin, but uninjured, you released it and then kicked and stamped it to death.

The law was appeased by a £5 fine and costs, but if ever again you commit such a bestial outrage I hope your years will not save you from jail.

JOHN BULL.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN: Why all this mystery about your new film? Surely it's not a publicity stunt? You're too great to need that!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. S. EVANS,
Rhondda Magistrate

YOUR WORSHIP,—I like your scathing attack on the Rhondda Council, which, after making an arrangement about the payment of rates, broke the agreement and applied for a distress warrant.

"It appears to me a gross violation of morality," you said, "that would be reprehensible in a private individual. When it comes to a public authority it is unspeakable."

Yes, and the same applies to other local mandarins who insist on their "pound of flesh" whatever the circumstances.

JOHN BULL.

If DREAMS Come True

by A. G. GARDINER

"IF wishes were horses, beggars would ride," says the proverb, which warns us of the futility of expecting too much from this incalculable life of ours. But there is at least one moment when we are entitled to snap our fingers at the proverb and indulge in a debauch of great expectations. It comes when the bell that tolls the knell of the Old Year is silenced by the full peal that rings in the New.

That moment is upon us. Before the next issue of JOHN BULL appears we shall have embarked upon the great adventure of 1935, and it is fitting that we should "greet the unseen with a cheer" and let our hopes for a prosperous voyage have their fling.

Nor do I think this annual ebullition of hope is without value. Though wishes are not horses that we can ride they can be spurs to ourselves, and it is all to the good that we should periodically apply the spurs, take stock of ourselves, and cast a glance ahead at the road we are going and the goal we should like to reach.

Do not, gentle reader, remind me how fleeting those good resolutions that we are going to make are. I know it, as probably you do, by the experience of a lifetime. I know that by the second, or at most the third week of the New Year the same Old Adam who has had me in thrall for more than half a century will be in the saddle again.

But, after all, the skeletons in my private cupboard will have had an airing. They will have been brought out into the daylight and I shall at least have been reminded of their existence and looked them straight in the face. Even if they steal back to the cupboard I shall have a vivid sense that they are there and—who knows?—the knowledge may give me a salutary nudge at some critical moment later on.

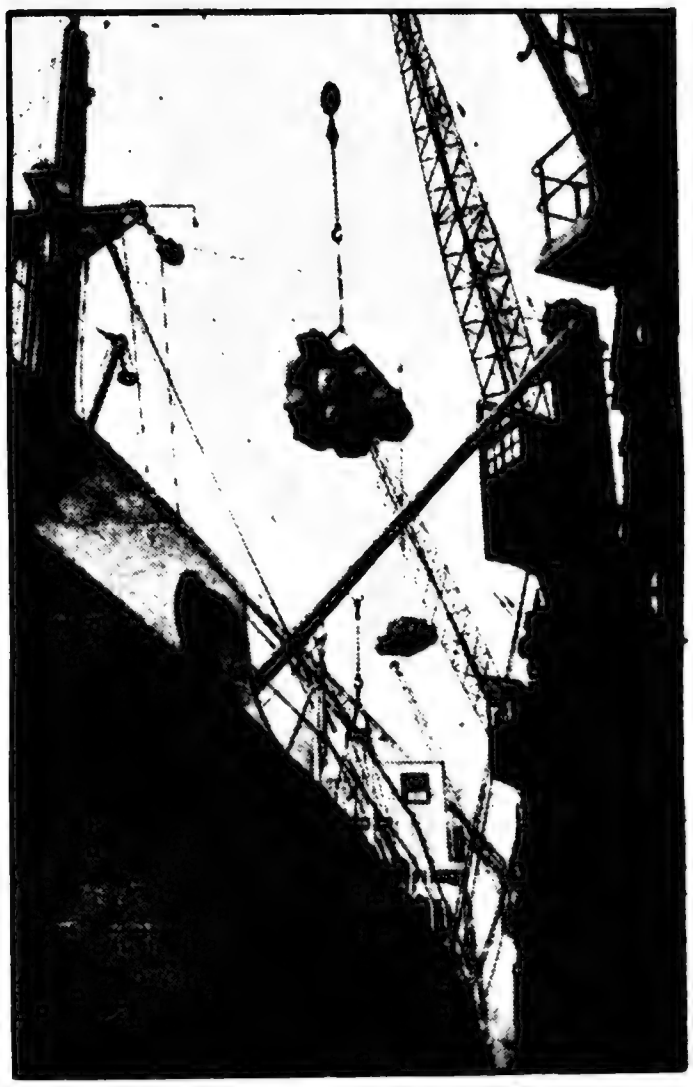
That is the case for all self-examination—prayer, for example. "Who rises from his knees a better man, his prayer is answered," said Meredith. And, regardless of creed, if it is true that the habit of prayer is becoming obsolete in the modern world, so much the worse for the modern world.

Tempers tempered

And there is another case for New Year's wishes. If those wishes are not merely selfish, if they are "the sort of wishes that we should not blush to see plastered on a hoarding or written in flaming letters on the night sky next Monday," then they represent a collective purpose. And that collective purpose will help to translate the wishes into action.

For if it be true, as Shakespeare says, that "the will to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done," the converse is equally true. We are not wholly the creatures of accident. 1935 will, to some extent, be what we make of it. And to that extent let us resolve over this week-end to try to make a good job of it.

I have hopes that we can. I said last week—and gave some evidence in support of the view—that the season which is now over was the most cheery Christmas we have had for half a dozen years past. It is customary in greeting a New Year to speak ill of the Old. I have done it myself—often.



A. G. G. allows himself to dream of our ship coming home with a rich cargo in the year 1935. Let us echo his optimism and wish the New Year all he would dream of it!

But I am not disposed to speak ill of 1934. Taken by and large, as the Scots say, it has left the world better than it found it. There are plenty of blots on its copy-book, but the balance is substantially on the right side. The ground is more solid beneath our feet than it was a year ago. There is a break in the sky and a breath of confidence abroad in the air.

I see many signs that the world is getting more reasonable, that tempers are calming down and that the wave of acute nationalism is passing.

Hitler's Germany is not the menace that it was. The pop is off that bottle. The Nazi structure is crumbling and Hitler himself is passing out of his delirium and falling back upon the more stable elements of the country.

France has recovered from the Stavisky shock of February that threatened to plunge her in revolution, and under M. Laval is steady on her feet again. The Saar cloud, we may hope, has been dispersed, and the blaze between Hungary and Jugo-Slavia has been damped down. And with the revival of the League of Nations, the outlook in Europe is better than it has been for eighteen months.

My good wishes—

So much for the Old Year. What of the New? What are the wishes with which we can fill its sails and speed it on its way? What are the gifts that we can reasonably hope from it when it reaches port a year hence?

To put my own wishes for 1935 in shape I will give the Time Machine a turn and imagine that I am writing on the eve of 1936 and summing up the achievements of the voyage we are now beginning. I promise you I will be generous in fulfilment. This time there is going to be no doubt that the tide has turned.

Taking our own most immediate concerns first, I rejoice to say that the greatest piece of Empire building in history has been accomplished. The India Bill is through both Houses, has received the Royal Assent, and Britain and its vast Dependency have started on a new partnership that will add the final and, I believe, indestructible coping-stone to the British Commonwealth of Nations.

The great world fact of the year has been the complete restoration of the Concert of Europe. After the peaceful transfer of the Saar to Germany, that country indicated its desire to return to the League of Nations, and with its incorporation in the League that institution for the first time in its history included every European State.

Even more important has been the decision of the United States to become, with certain reservations, a member of the League. With this powerful accession the League now includes every important country in the world, with the exception of Japan, whose isolation cannot long be maintained.

The effect of this movement towards world solidarity has been remarkable. The Disarmament Conference, which had been given up for dead, has come to life again with extraordinary vigour. It has reached agreement to abolish the private manufacture of armaments, and a scheme for the international regulation and control of armaments is on the point of acceptance.

A not less important result has been the reassembly of the World Economic Conference, which was torpedoed by President Roosevelt in the summer of 1933, and which has been resurrected at his inspiration. Under its stimulating effect there has been an unprecedented revival in world trade, reflected in the fact that unemployment in this country has declined to the million mark.

If 1935 enables me to give it this sort of testimonial a year hence I shall be content—and, I fear, surprised. But this is a moment when we can give rein to the wishes that are in our mind when we salute each other with "A Happy New Year."

Forward, the Old Brigade!

FROM nineteen-fourteen onward we all got to know the breed,
Those patriotic oldsters, unafraid,
Who grieved they could not serve their country in its hour of need—
The rankers of the "Would-to-God" Brigade!

"Would to heav'n I was younger!" one would fervently exclaim!
"Would to heav'n that I didn't have a wife!"
For each, it seemed, with military fervour was aflame
And yearned to plunge forthwith into the strife!

Instead, deep in a club armchair, each oldster used to sit
And flay the Kaiser daily with his tongue!
But in the future they may have a chance to do their bit,
What time their chairs are sat in by the young!

If men of under forty, grave biologists contend,
To future wars should go, the race will fade
Out badly; so, as scientists, they'd much prefer to send
The heroes of the "Would-to-God" Brigade!

It is as well to get rid of a few old ideas with the Old Year, and Dr. Herbert Levinstein has certainly helped us to do this.

Lecturing to the Institute of Chemistry, he assured us that that oft-mentioned "next" war will be much more refined than the last. Instead of being blown up by h.e. shells, heroes will be gassed as neatly as in dental parlours; while "powerful machines" will make trench digging as easy as crochet work.

Things having been brought to this pitch of ease and elegance, Dr. Levinstein considers that war is now "a less unsuitable occupation for middle-aged people than it was in 1914."

Arguing that the loss of young men is "biologically more serious" than that "of middle-aged or elderly citizens of either sex," the doctor urges that "it would not be a bad thing" if all men, other than ex-Service men, were called to the Colours on reaching 40, while their juniors took charge of the home front.

Whereupon I felt constrained to shout "Hoo-bloomin'-ray!" And doubtless many valiant oldsters who, while sipping their port, often lamented that they could not take part in the last dust-up, will feel no less delighted.

Personally, I hope that when my youngster asks me: "What did you do in the last war, daddy?" (the "last" in this case meaning the "next") I shall be able to reply: "I did my bit, sonny. I contributed a grandfather and a couple of uncles."

And as Dr. Levinstein makes no old-fashioned sex distinctions, specifically mentioning "middle-aged or elderly people of either sex," spinsters of the white feather corps will, presumably, be able to stand shoulder to shoulder with the lean and slippered pantaloons of clubland in fighting on behalf of their biological betters.

Up, girls, and at 'em!
A new age has begun!
Young Caspar's work is done:
So make the foeman run!
Dash them and drat 'em!
For now in war, at last,
We're free to employ
Each fire-eating boy
And girl whose youth is past!

Your country can use you,
Ye lads of riper age,
Who, on the home-front stage,
Were wont to fret and rage!
We don't want to lose you,
But now at last, you know,
You should do your bit—
You're fifty and fit,
And we think you ought to go!

JOHN BULL.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

CONCESSION TO YOU

Owing to the unprecedented last-minute rush for JOHN BULL'S Record Gift, we have now made arrangements which enable us to extend the offer into the New Year for fifteen days. Readers who have not yet obtained one of these magnificent Writing Sets should take advantage of this generous New Year concession whilst there is time. Turn to page 34 now.

BABA, *the* *Blacksheep* MESSIAH

SHRI MEHER BABA, the long-haired Messiah-de-Luxe. Says he: "I am perfect and therefore above everything. I am not bound to keep promises"

UNDER conditions of secrecy, Shri Meher Baba, the Persian peasant who calls himself the "New Messiah," has paid another short visit to London.

Only the faithful were supposed to know of his coming and the name of the hotel in Maida Vale, London, where he and his women disciples made their headquarters.

There was reason for this bashful retirement, for, on the occasion of a former stay in this country, JOHN BULL exposed this sham "Messiah." We described him then as a charlatan masquerading as a holy man to his own personal advantage.

In those days Shri Meher Baba courted publicity. He was delighted at the stir his presence made. He gave newspaper interviews at great length and posed for a variety of studio portraits.

His present shyness is therefore remarkable. The disclosures we made have driven the man underground. He campaigns now for funds and fresh followers in a cautious and discreet manner.

How thoroughly our criticism of Shri Meher Baba was justified is proved by the additional information we are able to give about the fellow and the financial side of his fantastic "world religious movement."

"I am perfect"

Large sums of money have already been given to this bogus "Messiah" by British people. It is estimated that he must have taken nearly £20,000 out of this country. The members of one family alone have parted with more than £8,000.

In addition he has received contributions of many thousands of pounds from his deluded adherents in the United States of America and in other countries.

What exactly has happened to this very considerable fortune only Shri Meher Baba can properly say. And with him there is this difficulty, for when tackled with uncomfortable questions he takes refuge in profound meditation which must not be broken.

Baba has this additional protection that, owing to his extreme "holiness," he does not speak and does not write—except to put his signature to cheques and sometimes to letters. He carries on conversation by the theatrical device of an alphabet board, to the letters of which he points when he wishes to make a statement.

Apart from the monetary gifts made to Shri Meher Baba he has borrowed extensively from individuals, who believed in him, on promise of repayment, and has not met these loans when they fell due.

His commercial morality can be judged by his declaration to the effect: "I am the Divine Being. I am Perfect, and therefore I am above everything. I am not bound to keep promises. I am not bound by codes of honesty and honourable dealings. You should not object to my telling lies or breaking promises. I am apart from everything."

An extraordinary philosophy, but one which naturally fulfils the requirements, for it excuses all his financial failings and forgetfulness.

Regarding certain of the loans to Baba, the position became so acute that legal actions were threatened. *Then repayment was made.* The "Messiah" did not desire to face the cold, legal atmosphere of an English court.

In another instance, a loan was repaid by one of Baba's devotees rather than the "Great Personage" should be accused of bad faith and a disposition to evade his obligations.

A significant fact is that the majority of the men who, at some period, were believers in Shri Meher Baba and prominent in furthering his activities have since disavowed him. One of these is Mr. Meredith Starr, formerly the "Messiah's" principal agent for Europe and America. Mr. Starr gave up his house in North Devon as an English refuge for the "Master" and his company of followers.

But it was not long before Mr. Starr discovered the hollowness of Baba's pretensions, and he now declares emphatically:

"I am personally convinced that he is neither a great teacher nor a great man. When I first met him in India he was quite different—humble, quiet, lived simply and frugally and was what is generally considered a fine character. Now—well the public will draw their own conclusions."

Easy as A.B.C.

The frugal, quiet-living years of Shri Meher Baba were when he peddled liquor in the native quarter of an Indian town, and before he realised that quack religion was such a paying proposition.

Another man, whose opinion about the religious qualities of the "Messiah" has been reversed, is a well-known author living in Surrey. He is poorer by the tune of £1,000 owing to his previous faith in the Persian fakir.

In short, these people have found the fellow out, and know from their unhappy experiences that the warning of JOHN BULL in relation to the sham "Messiah" was amply substantiated.

Money is an important objective of Baba, and he tries to extract it from his followers on the plea of maintaining his world mission.

On one of his other visits to England, £450 was subscribed to pay his travelling expenses from India. When he was here he announced by means of the alphabet board that he intended to go to America to continue his work there, and for this purpose he received in gifts no less than £4,000.

Callous treatment

Yet no sooner was he in the United States than letters and cables were sent to members of the faithful in England stating that it was imperative that he should receive a further £5,000, and efforts were made to secure this for him.

At the same time his American supporters were being "dunned"—for that is the only word which fits the case—for subscriptions, and a substantial loan was arranged and the money handed over.

In New York a hotel suite was provided for Shri Meher Baba—without cost to him—but when the time came for him to leave the hotel he had the effrontery to object to pay the bill for his meals and refreshment.

A fine country mansion in New Hampshire was lent to Baba in which to commune with his disciples. When this establishment was disbanded it was found that he had conveniently forgotten to pay the rates and taxes which were due.

The "Messiah" treats his ardent devotees with irreligious callousness. There is the case of a young Englishman who handed over the whole of his private fortune to assist the supposed work and even borrowed heavily to provide additional contributions.

Afterwards it happened that this young man was in the sorest straits for money, and in his difficulty appealed to Baba. The answer was a blank refusal to reimburse his benefactor or to do anything to relieve his distress.

Deserving of abundant sympathy are the English women who have followed this religious rogue.

Some of them have given up their means of livelihood under the persuasive spell of the "Messiah," and, in addition, have handed to him the whole of their savings.

They are caught in an extraordinary toil. It is impossible for them to break away because there is no prospect of their returning to regular occupations. They must carry on, following the "Messiah" from country to country as members of his unpaid entourage. They have no other means of bed or board.

Meanwhile, Shri Meher Baba is enjoying life. He spends the time travelling the world at the expense of his supporters and residing at hotels with every possible comfort. His frequent holidays from religious activities have been taken in Paris, Italy, Switzerland and Egypt. He is actually a kind of tourist "Messiah-de-luxe."

Often in the past he has made promises and prophecies which have never been substantiated. A world war, which would end civilisation, was forecast by him to take place in 1931. Then, when that date proved to be wrong, he placed his great new war in the spring of 1932.

The vow of silence imposed on him by Heaven was to be broken on several different occasions. First, in the summer of 1932; afterwards, in the spring of 1933, and thereon at convenient intervals according to the excited interest of his audience.

When the "Messiah" speaks (according to him on his alphabet board) all mankind will be at his feet and millions of money will be handed to him.

Of course, the whole business of Shri Meher Baba is a gross imposture on the public. The man is an out-and-out impostor, deserving of no credence and no support.

Mystery film

His latest enterprise is an attempt to raise no less a sum than £10,000 to finance the production of a film in which he will be producer and "star" on the subject of the past, present and future of humanity.

A rather curious commercial adventure for a man who claims to be the reincarnation of the "Son of Heaven." Considerable sums of money have been subscribed already for this film, and it has never arrived at near the production stage.

Shri Meher Baba is a Persian subject, although his official domicile is India, and he travels with a Persian passport.

We suggest that the fake "Messiah" might be regarded as an undesirable alien and be refused admission to this country on future occasions. The harm he has done cannot be measured by ordinary standards.

BIGGEST EMIGRATION SCANDAL YET—

Families Stranded *by the Thousand*

Above: Early days.—John Bunce and his little family worked with all their strength to clear the ground for his farm. Left: The family outside the shack which was their first home in Australia

A FORLORN company of people—fifty-nine in number—landed recently at Southampton Docks from an Australian liner.

There were men, women and children, dressed oddly for the most part in "slop shop" clothes, and with only a few poor possessions. The total financial resources of the whole tragic band could be counted in shillings. Many of them were absolutely penniless.

When they reached London, they were entirely dependent on the Church Army for food and for lodging. Without that charitable assistance the majority of them would certainly have been sent to the workhouse. Indeed, aboard the ship it had been hinted that such would be their probable fate.

Yet all the fifty-nine are British subjects returning to their own country. Their plight reveals yet another Australian emigration scandal which, following upon that of the Victorian settlers, who are still fighting for justice, provides a grave national problem.

The truth . .

In no way are they responsible for their sorry plight. Their distressing position is due to the fact that they trusted themselves to an official Government scheme for settlement in Australia, and to find, after years of hardest privation, poverty and semi-starvation, that it is impossible for them to win a livelihood in the Commonwealth.

Like so many others who have returned to the home country sadly disillusioned, they were first attracted by advertisements depicting the supposed splendid possibilities in Australia, which induced them to throw up their occupations in Britain, to break up their comfortable homes, and to set forth to win success as emigrants:—

"Room for millions more. Opportunities for all," runs one typical lure.

"The careful study of the statistical information in this pamphlet must lead one to the conclusion that Australia has been well termed the 'land of the better chance.' It is estimated that this rich young country can support a population of 100 million.

"Every year witnesses further industrial and social progress, and enlarges the field for individual enterprise. Great as has been the progress in the past, the future has greater achievements in store. Those who seize the opportunities of self advancement must prosper as cities and commerce expand, and as additional fertile areas are brought under cultivation."

That was the picture. But what is the *truth*?

Among those who have come home are two men, John Bunce, of Birmingham, and George Toft, of Manchester, who were branch secretaries of the British Migrants' Association. Between them Bunce and Toft have the names of more than 3,000 heads of families, still in Australia, who are begging and praying to be repatriated to Britain.

All they ask is that, as a measure of justice, they should be brought back home, just as in the past they were conveyed to Australia by State-assisted passages. In addition to this list of 3,000, there are thousands more who are seeking and demanding a return to this country.

Only those who have passed through the purgatory of life in Australia as a British "assisted migrant" know the appalling scandal of the project of the Home and Commonwealth Governments, which between the years 1927 and 1930 took more than 66,000 approved and assisted emigrants to Australia.

He was beaten

The story which John Bunce tells makes unpleasant reading. He is a man skilled and experienced in agricultural work; an excellent type. Eleven years ago, he secured a passage to Western Australia for himself, wife and children. He relinquished a regular job; sold his home, and well equipped and having a small capital of £50, embarked for the new land of promise.

He was at first placed on a small settlement of about 200 acres, which consisted almost entirely of virgin forest. For years he worked tremendously hard clearing his farm, and living with his family in an incommodious "shack." He was given at the outset a wage of ten shillings a day by the Government, and there was an undertaking that this money would be paid until the little place was self-supporting.

Then there was a change in the system of payment. Bunce received piece rates for clearing the land. Frequently at the end of a week of incredible toil, he found he had only a few shillings with which to support himself and his family of four.

It was impossible for him ever to have won a living from that farm, and he was forced to give up the attempt. He was beaten by hard circumstances, not by want of pluck or lack of endeavour. So Bunce and his dependants drifted to the city of Perth. There followed years of desperate struggle.

Employment was only spasmodic, for with the depression over Australia there were many thousands of men out of work, and naturally an Englishman seeking a job received rather less consideration than a native Australian.

For long periods the family was forced to live in rooms bare of furniture. There was no money to buy even the simplest necessities of a home. They went about in rags of clothes.

Hunger strike

Three times they were evicted from houses, as they had no money with which to pay any rent. Illness beset them. Mrs. Bunce had a serious breakdown after the birth of a child, because she was suffering from undernourishment. Her husband spent several months in hospital owing to an injury to his back which he sustained when labouring at a relief camp in the bush. A son was stricken with pneumonia because he was so ill clad.

At times Bunce was called up for State relief work, which entailed banishment from his wife and children; the man being sent up country to a railway or track clearing gang. The conditions in the labour camps were deplorable; bitterly cold in winter with flimsy tents as the only night shelters, and devastatingly hot and unhealthy during the summer, with plagues of insects and a poor water supply.

While at home in Perth, Mrs. Bunce and the children were existing on an issue of rations valued at a shilling per day a head, and sleeping on beds of sacking in a tin hut. Small wonder that this Englishman, suffering under a sense of his grievance and feeling in his heart that he had been deceived and misled, turned rebellious.

In a misguided moment he decided to make a protest on behalf of himself and other Englishmen undergoing the same hard lot. He tramped to the Parliament House at Perth, and with a case full of stones, which he had gathered as ammunition, smashed a number of windows.

He was, of course, arrested for his offence and sent to prison for a month. There, in his narrow cell, he went on hunger strike.

Their right

In the end, however, the agitation of John Bunce had its effect, and he and his family were selected for repatriation to England, together with others whose health had suffered to such an extent by privations in Australia that they were deemed unfit for further hardships in the Commonwealth.

But what of the thousands of other British families who are only anxious—after their unhappy experiences as Australian settlers—to return to England?

We demand that their case should be sympathetically considered by the British and Commonwealth Governments. These people are living on the poverty line in Australia, and it is impossible for them to find money for the voyage home.

They are entitled to repatriation. They were cruelly misled by the official promises and offers into leaving their home country for the "new land of fortune," which proved a hollow sham.

JOHN BULL has in the past petitioned on behalf of the men of small property who have been ruined through the disastrous Victoria land settlement project.

Now we urge that justice should be done to the "assisted migrants"—the working men, who were taken to Australia on the assumption that there was ample, profitable employment for them on the land or elsewhere.

It is a simple claim these unfortunate people make—to be brought "home."

That is their right and it must be granted.

GUNS *that* WON'T GO OFF

"STRAIGHT as a gun" is not a slogan which can be applied to the methods of Messrs. Bell and Black, Ltd., of 17, Claremont Street, Glasgow, West.

This firm, which deals in guns and sporting goods, boasts that it has "ten thousand testimonials from satisfied customers."

But we know of customers who are far from satisfied. A reader living at Brinsworth, near Rotherham, sent an order to this firm for a gun and ammunition, enclosing a cheque for £2 1s., which was duly cashed.

Months have elapsed, but neither gun nor ammunition has arrived. Attempts to obtain the return of money sent have failed, and recent letters of protest sent to Messrs. Bell and Black, Ltd., have been returned marked "Gone away."

* * *

Another reader sent an order with cash for goods, with a similar result. He was first told that delay in delivery was due to goods being out of stock.

Later his letters demanding the return of his cash came back also endorsed "Gone away."

We suggest that Messrs. Bell and Black, Ltd., should be placed on the black list of traders whose methods of doing business are open to severe criticism.

He wants to be DICTATOR of BRITAIN!

Here is Oliver Cromwell saying "boo!" to the Parliamentary Goose. And now a new Lord Protector has arisen who is going to lay violent hands on that poor bauble once again . . .

WEEKLY INFORMATIONS from Major-General SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

UNKNOWN to the forty-five million inhabitants of Great Britain a new Dictator has arisen, who has already laid his plans for a *coup d'état*.

This new dictator, with great hopes of dwarfing Hitler and Mussolini, to say nothing of Sir Oswald Mosley, is Mr. Herbert Watkinson, of Weedon Street, Sheffield.

I am amused to see that he signs himself in his correspondence as Dictator of the British Ironsides and is clearly Cromwellian in manner and outlook. He gives the impression that his noble band of Ironsides will be more ruthless than Cromwell's Roundheads.

Watkinson recently began his campaign, which is to shake the country to its foundations, by an appeal for funds. In a small leaflet the Dictator of the British Ironsides makes the following startling statement: "I want super men and women to open new branches throughout the country and fill important posts in the British Ironsides.

The Best People

"Whatever your qualifications—Accountant, ex-Naval or Army Officers, Teachers of Art, Music (Vocal or Instrumental), Religion or Sports Instructors, Speakers or Political Organisers, Secretaries, Supervisors of Labour, Clerks of Works, Civil and Mechanical Engineers, Builders, Pioneers, etc. Join up now! Get busy. Be unemployed no longer."

From all of this it will be seen that Herbert Watkinson, Dictator of the British Ironsides, is determined to attract the best people. Super men and super women are not to be found on gooseberry bushes, but the Dictator from Sheffield is hoping to find large numbers of them to fill important positions.

Application forms for membership cost a penny. The minimum entrance fee is one shilling, and the person joining agrees "to always accept the decision of the Dictator as final and legally binding."

The newly fledged Ironside also has to agree to subscribe "to the Funds weekly," but the amount is not fixed!

In his preamble to the membership form leaflet Herbert Watkinson attempts to explain everything in a paragraph. Here is this gem of political thought:

"As an engineer, I know that the Industrial Power Machine is not functioning right through the Motive Power, called Money, being lacking. Therefore the Motive Power—Money—is going to be applied by me as the remedy, for Money is quite easy to produce and the Industrial Power Machine shall then be run efficiently to the approval of all workers."

All of which is as clear as mud. Rather surprising, too, that only Mr. Herbert Watkinson, of Sheffield, should have hit upon this "easy" way out of our present discontent.

Investigations concerning the activities of the Dictator of the British Ironsides suggests that his methods are unconventional, if not actually dishonest.

Didn't trouble

Recently he came south to London with a suitcase containing his plans for setting Great Britain on its feet. He stayed at an expensive hotel in Bayswater, within a stone's throw of Hyde Park.

In booking accommodation, he mentioned casually that he was on the editorial staff of a well-known literary weekly. He proposed to stay until Christmas, and said that his wife and child would join him in a week or two.

With becoming modesty Herbert Watkinson did not tell the manager of the hotel that he was the Dictator of the British Ironsides. But he made passing references to his influential and titled friends.

After a week in London this cardboard dictator apparently experienced financial difficulties. So much so that he returned to Sheffield without troubling to pay his hotel bill!

It is typical of his impudence that two days before his disappearance he had arranged with a local garage proprietor for a private car to take him back to Sheffield—this when he had scarcely a shilling in his pocket, and had to borrow money for his railway fare to Sheffield.

A few days ago, in an interview, Herbert Watkinson explained that he had to return home because of financial difficulties. He even had the impudence to suggest that supporters should settle his unpaid hotel bill!

Recently, when the herring fleet was in difficulties, Watkinson wrote to a well-known resident in Peterhead as follows:

"Why this delay? I thought the British Herring Fleet was in such a pitiable and hopeless position that urgent action was necessary."

After some strong criticism of the National Government, Watkinson added, "I am determined to remove them from power, for they have no support. But I have the support of the majority in the country.

"Let us get together now! For, remember, I guarantee you success from the moment we meet and onwards."

Fire and fury

Then, with touching simplicity, he asks to be granted the following three points:

1. Financial Support.
2. A Safe Seat (presumably in Parliament).
3. Loyalty.

Granted these, the rest will be easy: the Dictator of the British Ironsides will outdo Hitler in the ruthless overthrow of the Government.

There is, in fact, no limit to the ambitions of this pinchbeck Dictator, who breathes fire and fury when confronted with the incompetence of the Government.

He is, of course, on the look-out for "key men" to hold important positions under the new dictatorship. But these "key men" must first of all give him financial support. It is indeed probable that anyone who settled the Dictator's unpaid hotel bill will be promised an important position in the hazy future.

Among Watkinson's great plans for the country is one for establishing cheap State theatres of varieties for the benefit of "unemployed musicians," etc.

He is also to sanction State lotteries.

This Sheffield dictator boasts that his policy is "just plain English and the answer to the wishes of England's perplexed millions."

Phantom Ironsides

Having thoroughly investigated the career of the Dictator of the British Ironsides, I suggest that any of the perplexed millions who give him financial support will be throwing good money away.

Herbert Watkinson is an unemployed engineer who lives in a modest little house in Weedon Street, Sheffield. He is quite unknown to the titled people whose names he so freely misuses and who have been occasioned much annoyance by enquiries about his activities.

His claim to be on the editorial staff of a famous literary weekly is just another of the lies that fall so easily from his lips.

He has a plausible tongue and persuasive manners. His much-boosted British Ironsides have no existence except in his own imagination. His grandiose plans for the overthrow of the National Government are balderdash.

Herbert Watkinson, Dictator of the British Ironsides, is, in fact, a mixture of knave and fool, but while he continues to seek financial backing from gullible supporters, to misuse honoured names and impose upon hotels he is also a dangerous humbug who should be rigidly avoided.

Homely Wisdom—by
Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Givers and Takers

SOME time ago I wrote in JOHN BULL something about the two kinds of people who might be described as Givers and Takers, the one kind being expected to carry the others on their backs I got an angry letter from a reader whom the cap seemed to have fitted rather neatly as one of the takers.

Let me now follow up the above-mentioned classification by suggesting another of similar significance: Helpers and Dead-Weights.

We all know them, but they don't always know themselves. If some people were to die to-day they would leave a gap that could not be easily filled.

Everybody in their little world would mourn them and miss them because no one equally strong and wise could be found to take their place. These are the people who think for others, plan and toil for others, hold things together for others, in the home and out of it, often without either expecting or receiving recognition.

The other sort?—well, if the facts were honestly faced we should have to say that if they were gone a big burden and strain would be gone too. They might be immensely surprised and wounded to be told so, but their way of living proves it.

They exact sacrifice but take care never to make any themselves. They are experts at finding reasons why other people should be put to inconvenience on their account, but they manage to escape having to take their full share of the inconvenience they cause.

Usually they are clever at getting away with it. It is quite common to see in family life one good soul who is the willing drudge of another who professes to be too delicate to undergo hardship.

Now and then it is the drudge who dies before the other, with disconcerting results. The supposed weakling has to fend for himself and does not like it at all, but somehow succeeds in doing it, as he could have done all along if he had not cheated himself into believing that he had a perfect right to take advantage of the unselfishness of a fellow-soul.

Experienced students of human nature know that the mind can play queer tricks with those who want to get out of an irksome situation. Mental specialists tell us some incredible things about this.

For instance, a really serious illness can be brought on by the simple fact that the sufferer wants an excuse to forsake a position to which he feels unequal. The illness might be quite genuine and its real cause go unsuspected.

The same applies even to some events that look like pure accidents, such as breaking a wrist or an ankle. At the bottom of the mishap is an unconfessed wish to have a valid reason for throwing his burden upon someone else.

He has not deliberately injured himself, but the wish at the back of his mind has done it for him.

The moral of all this is: Line up with the helpers; don't drop into the ranks of the dead-weights. Face up to the realities of life with a brave and cheerful heart and you will not find its burdens unbearable. For: "As thy day so shall thy strength be."

Atrocious Sequel to POLICE BLUNDER

THERE were strange happenings on a recent Saturday morning at a hairdresser's shop in Cross Gates, a suburb of Leeds. Shortly before nine o'clock detectives took up observation positions in a garage opposite. Then a party of uniformed police arrived and surrounded the shop.

Naturally a few passers-by collected, and rumour swept like a prairie fire through this quiet suburb of Leeds. That a threefold murder had been committed was one of the mildest of rumours that passed from eager and excited lips that eventful morning!

Meanwhile, inside the shop there was not the slightest sign of excitement. A small boy knelt in a barber's chair so that his head was at a convenient height for the process of hair-cutting.

Snip, snip, went the barber's scissors, for he was blissfully unaware of the massing of the police forces outside. Then, with a final snip of his scissors, he said, "How will that do, Sonny?" It was at that moment that the police burst into the saloon.

Before the barber had time to call, "Next please," he was held in the grip of brawny police officers, and in spite of his protests was marched out of the shop. So urgent was the demand of the Law that he was not allowed time to change his white coat.

* * *

The victim of this somewhat spectacular arrest was Mr. Charles Stonehouse, aged 36, of Burleigh Road, Leeds, and the strange set of circumstances that led up to his detention make astounding reading.

About twelve months ago Charles Stonehouse had been a patient in St. James' Hospital, Leeds, which is a general hospital.

Following certain troubles of a domestic nature, Stonehouse had suffered a nervous breakdown. He was treated for this disability at the hospital and was discharged after a period of treatment as cured.

For a time he tramped the streets of Leeds looking for work. He had been unemployed for several months, but in August last he succeeded in obtaining employment as a barber at the hairdressing establishment at Cross Green.

His new employer found that he had excellent references, and subsequently his work proved to be thoroughly satisfactory. Yet, without warning, all the forces of Law and Order were suddenly massed against this unsuspecting man.

His sudden capture and removal, first to St. James' Hospital, Leeds, and later to the West Riding Mental Institution, Menton, near Leeds, was a tragic blow for a man who, after months of unemployment, had at last found work.

Our investigations show that a casual interlude on a tramcar was apparently responsible for this extraordinary action.

Stonehouse was travelling to work on a tramcar from Leeds to Cross Gates one morning, when, by a strange trick of fate, he was seen by an attendant from St. James' Hospital, who recognised him as a former patient at that institution.

The conversation that took place between these two men on top of the tram was not exactly friendly, and ended in angry words.

It is alleged by one man that during the warmest period of this wordy combat between the hospital attendant and the ex-patient the latter is said to have mentioned his intention of "Cutting off somebody's head."

If he did make such a drastic declaration, it was undoubtedly a mere vainglorious piece of bravado of the thoughtless kind that any man might make in a moment of heat.

* * *

However, this alleged threat, made in the heat of wordy battle, was taken as being of such grave import that the attendant reported the matter to the police.

Then followed the dramatic happenings at the barber's shop!

As a preliminary to the planned capture of this supposedly "dangerous character," a man employed at the garage opposite was sent over by the police to the barber's shop to buy a packet of cigarettes, and to make sure that Stonehouse was there and busy with his work of hair-cutting.

He reported that everything was in order. Then two policemen tip-toed into the ladies' hairdressing saloon in the back part of the premises.

They interrupted the young woman assistant at her work, and—overheard by the customer—asked her if Stonehouse had ever threatened her. "Certainly not," replied this astonished assistant as she continued with her permanent waving.

Then the two police officers crept out quietly by the back door and made their way round to the front.

By this time a motor ambulance had drawn up outside. A Medical Officer stepped out, and, accompanied by two policemen, walked into the barber's shop and insisted that Stonehouse should go with them at once. The remainder of the police force taking part in this surprise raid remained outside the shop.

The full facts of this unusual case leave no possible doubt that Charles Stonehouse has been the victim of an unfortunate official action, which, bad enough in itself, has also deprived him unjustly of hard-won employment.

If the remark he is alleged to have made on the tramcar had been made by anyone who had not previously been a "nerve" case at the local hospital, or if Stonehouse had made the remark to anybody other than a hospital attendant, no notice would have been taken of this incident.

In the circumstances we think that the authorities concerned were ill advised to take the melodramatic action they did without further enquiries.

The man's employer, two of his brothers, his landlady and her husband, have all protested against the high-handed treatment to which Stonehouse was subjected by this undue display of zeal.

His employer has nothing but praise for his work. "During the four months he has been employed by me he has given every satisfaction," is his unshakable assurance. "He pleased customers, and was always cheerful and courteous. He was fond of children—so much so that they often came into the shop just to talk to him."

* * *

"It seems a brutal act to tear him away from a good job just as he was getting on his feet after a period of unemployment."

There ends for the moment the story of an unfortunate affair in which the authorities appear to have acted with an absence of discretion and a superabundance of mistaken zeal.

Charles Stonehouse is now held virtually a prisoner in the West Riding Mental Institution at Menton, near Leeds. His unfortunate plight is obvious.

In a letter to his family he urges them not to worry, as he is confident that he will win through all right.

". . . I have done nothing wrong, so I have nothing to be ashamed of . . . I'll keep smiling," are phrases he uses in this letter.

Such fortitude on the part of this man who has suffered so much is admirable, but his case is such that we demand that the authorities concerned should hold an immediate and thorough enquiry into the circumstances which led up to his arrest and detention.

The Hon. Richard Denham, M.P. for Leeds Central. We ask him to probe this matter

A CORRECTION

We have been informed that we were wrong in alluding to Dr. A. A. Tester as an undischarged bankrupt in our issue of December 8. It appears that on July 11, 1933, he obtained an immediate discharge subject to consenting to a judgment for £400, which he immediately satisfied. We willingly give publicity to this correction.

OUR GREAT FREE 1935 INSURANCE GIFT

THE bells ring out the Old Year . . . gay peals announce the birth of 1935. In hundreds of thousands of homes throughout the land there is singing and merry-making. For Registered Readers of JOHN BULL this happy occasion marks not only the advent of a New Year, but the commencement of yet another year of safety and security against the common perils of everyday life.

In a special announcement on pages 4 and 5 JOHN BULL publishes with pride the full list of generous Benefits of its magnificent 1935 Free Insurance Gift . . . a Gift of security to its Registered Readers and their families . . . a Gift which enables them to face the future with confidence knowing that should misfortune descend upon them, or those near and dear to them, they are assured of JOHN BULL'S helping hand and practical assistance to enable them to carry on until the clouds of distress roll away.

Mankind's worst enemy—FIRE—may in a few minutes make havoc of a home which has taken years to get together. JOHN BULL is the only paper in the world to provide benefits for Fire damage.

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Among the many other common everyday risks against which JOHN BULL provides invaluable protection are Accidents to Children, Accidents in the Home and Garden, Sports Accidents, Boating and Bathing, Loss by Burglary and Housebreaking, Damage to Wireless by Lightning.

* * *

Another unique feature of our Insurance Gift, which has come as a welcome surprise in the homes of many thousands of readers, is the 10 per cent. bonus which is added to every Benefit paid to registered readers of over three months' standing. Thus, in a practical manner, does JOHN BULL acknowledge the loyalty of its registered readers.

The colossal number of 112,000 *cheques have already been paid to registered readers since the inception of our Free Family Insurance Gift.* The story behind these cheques is one in which happiness has been brought to the suffering, the sick have been made well and strong, the sharp edge of tragedy has been softened.

* * *

To secure, in the ordinary way, similar protection to that offered under our Free Insurance Gift, would cost you at least £2 2s. It can be yours absolutely *Free* simply by becoming a Registered Reader of JOHN BULL. All you have to do is to fill up the forms on pages 4 and 5.

A minute with your pen may make all the difference between gladness and regret. Nobody knows from one moment to the next what fate has in store. Think what it will mean to you, your wife and your children, to be able to rely upon JOHN BULL'S practical help in time of need.

Present registered readers automatically qualify for the full scheme of Benefits of our 1935 Insurance Gift. There is no need to re-register unless you have changed your address or your newsagent. If you have not yet registered, sign the forms on pages 4 and 5 immediately and start the New Year with JOHN BULL'S strong shield of security protecting you and yours.

Ring Out the HY
of H

A WONDERF
NEW YEAR
MESSAGE
by George Lansbur

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The eager heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

YES, the year is dying in the night, and the dawn of yet another year in our pilgrimage through life is breaking. May I say to all my readers how sincerely I wish them and the peoples of all lands "a very happy New Year."

There is no such thing as selfish happiness. We can only begin to understand happiness when we have realised that the law of well-being is "love." So, this New Year's day, let us all start by pushing out of our minds every thought of bitterness and hatred against any single human being.

There is much to hate and detest in life, but never anything which should make us hate individuals.

Do not imagine that in saying this I am asking you to be perfect. In any case, you won't be. Life is not like that. All the same, hating one another gets us nowhere, and although, as is often the case with me, our feelings get the better of us and we denounce one another, the fact is that the only true way of casting evil out of our own and other people's minds is by remembering the words, "There, but for the grace of God go I."

Many years ago a friend of mine told me that at the end of every year he tried to remember people he had been unkind or unfair to, or in some large or small way he had injured, and then on New Year's Eve, wherever possible, went to visit them, or if that were impossible, wrote to them.

The life we make

I always thought my friend was, in this respect, striving to be a true Christian, though as I grow older and think of him and his philosophy, the conviction deepens that in all such matters, whether of thought or of action, prevention is better than cure, and it is much better to keep our minds clear of evil thoughts about one another, and when offence is given or inflicted on ourselves clear such things out of our minds, hour by hour and not year by year.

The longer we allow evil thoughts to ramble, the worse it is for ourselves and for our neighbours.

There is much to trouble and perplex us in our daily road through life, but, on the other hand, there is much to cheer and inspire us.

The mass of people who on December 31 greet one another in the home or in the street, in field, factory, mine or warehouse will grip the hand and give the greeting, "with true sincerity and affection."

The people of whom we are a part, who live on this island, are kindly and good natured one toward another. We are all too apt to allow the conditions of life to warp and distort our judgment of men and things, often allow ourselves to become enveloped in a mist of distrust and hopelessness. We forget that life is what we ourselves make it.

We never get all we desire out of life, and never will, for the farther our minds are removed from the despair of ignorance, and the clearer we are able to understand how fine a life is possible if only we all love one another, the more dissatisfied we become. We shall never reach "the best we know." The satisfaction of our heart's desire is found in our struggle toward the fullest and noblest we dream of.

So, when we think of the famous lines by Tennyson, quoted at the beginning of this article, let us determine to dedicate our own lives to the great ideals he expressed.

I know, nobody better than I, how hard and, indeed, how impossible it is for any of us, set as we are in a world of competitive strife, to live our lives in any ideal or even satisfactory manner. Our ideal may be, nay, should be, real to ourselves.

I read Tennyson's poems when I was a boy in my teens; recited and sang "Ring out, wild bells," and tried to understand the words, "Ring in the Christ that is to be."

Simple things . . .

I was an average boy, as I am an average man, a mixture of good and evil. All the same, I learned to understand what the words meant or should mean for me. The Christ whom most simple-minded people love is the one of whom it is said, "He went about doing good."

Children of my generation were less cynical, or at least appeared to be less cynical, than those of the present, but they were just as joyfully mischievous, and at times badly behaved as any who live now.

Also we appeared more simple and trustful. We very largely accepted what we were told, though I do not think fear of hell or hope of heaven had very much to do with our conduct. In and out of Sunday-school our conception of Christ was of One Who lived many years ago, Who loved children and gathered them to Him, and, when with their parents they were hungry, fed them.

Nowadays, even to talk of love and the simple things of my generation is to be accused of "sob stuff" and unreality. Even if this were so, I should still contend that it is more, not less, of such sentiment that mankind is in need of. We heard lots about heaven and hell. Few, if any, of us ever really believed in a God of terror, though it is true our minds were often full of quaint ideas of God and eternity.

We sang Christmas carols, quite ignorant of all the fussy, mean, miserable squabbles about Immaculate Conception or the Virgin Birth, but in our simple minds was the thought that in singing, reading, learning about Christ, we were thinking of One Who loved us.

"I must cry out"

Well, after 75 years of life full of failure and some striving after truth and right living, what can I say is in my mind? What effect have the old, old hymns, songs and poetry now on my thought and action?—only this, that, stripped of all theology, the call of Christ yesterday is the only philosophy of life which will save mankind from the threatened evils of to-day and to-morrow.

Sometimes in the House of Commons, when questions of poverty, peace and war are discussed, it has seemed to me that I must cry out the thoughts that surge through my mind, and appeal to my colleagues to cease from the strife of words, and take for our guide the spirit of Him Who declared that only by and through love of God and man can we mortals obtain security and peace.

Others probably feel as I do, but are restrained because of our self-conscious knowledge of our own failure always to follow the best we know. Some day someone braver than any of us will break through tradition and custom, and on the floor of that assembly will call upon the nation to turn away from the worship of the "golden calf" and, instead, give our future into the care of Him we declare we worship Who has taught us that happiness and well-being are only to be found in the service of God and of the people.

The greatest must give all they have to give on the altar of common service, and find satisfaction in sharing their gifts with their neighbours. It is the application of this spirit to life which alone will give us all satisfaction.

Mankind has accumulated much wisdom, much knowledge, but as yet very little understanding. We do not yet know how to live. Although we live in a world of plenty, with tremendous power to increase wealth, who is satisfied? Who is content with things as they are?

The rich and poor are alike in their feelings of doubt and insecurity, and alike fight and destroy each other in market-place, workshop and counting-house. The mad schemes which dominate the lives of those described as the idle rich bring neither happiness nor peace.

Do not imagine I judge them; that is not my business. They pass judgment on themselves, for in the pursuit of their selfish pleasures they are continuously forced to confess that the end gained is only "Dead Sea Fruit."

Join the struggle!

May I ask you, my reader, to join in the task of aiding the coming of the "Christ that is to be" by abolishing "the feud between rich and poor," the "ancient forms of Party strife," "the want, the care, the sin," "the narrowing lust for gold," "the thousand wars of old," and help "Ring in the thousand years of peace."

I quote these words because they contain the essence of what I understand the words of Tennyson to mean, and how we—that is, you and I—can make them real.

The feud between riches and poverty cannot be solved by words. Life is a matter of deeds; we must unite to remove the causes of strife. The cause of all evil is found in the fact that all of us imagine that war, competition in buying and selling one another's labour and skill are necessary and must always be the law of our being. Christ's message to us is exactly the opposite.

He tells us that co-operation in service, each for all and all for each, is the way of life, and when applied to our daily lives will destroy once and for all the feuds which exist not merely between classes but between us all.

None of us is clear of these evils; we are all in the struggle, and dare not claim virtues which are not ours. Few, if any, are truly unselfish; few of us desire to live under worse conditions than those we now endure. We sin not so much against the light, but because our very existence is dominated by fear, fear of what will and, indeed, does befall us if individually we strive to follow in "His steps."

We must move altogether along the road to a nobler, fuller life. The Churches, who claim Christ as their leader, must give up preaching of what the future holds for us after death. To-day is when we must act, and those who would transform the feud between rich and poor must co-operate and get rid of the conditions which divide us into classes and establish the conditions which will give us a class-less society.

We belong to yesterday, to-day and to-morrow, and to-morrow depends for weal or woe on what we are to-day. In any case, to-day, and to-day alone, is truly ours within which we must strive to live in such a manner as will bring us and all mankind a better life.

Christ's appeal, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden," is a message for us all, and is one which in days of doubt and sorrow has brought solace and peace for me.

Law of Service

You see, once we have sunk ourselves in the life of the community, once we have understood that the law of our being is Service, we shall give ourselves, our time and energy, so far as ever this is possible, in an effort to bring others to accept the same truth, and by our united efforts change the outlook of our friends and neighbours, so as to secure the coming of the day when feuds and hatreds of all kinds shall cease.

We all crave for peace; most certainly I do, yet it is impossible for me to sit down and just idly let the days pass and just dream of what might be.

Party strife in Parliament grows more and more distasteful. We who are in the midst of it find ourselves striving with men and women just as well-intentioned as we are. Those who are sincere are divided about questions of principle, and to some extent also of expediency.

Those who take my view of life

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"The mass of people on December 31 will greet each other with true sincerity and affection." And if only we could maintain throughout the year this spirit we show at the year's dawning we should find the way to Peace

desire that the land and industry of this nation should be owned, organised and used for the benefit and service of all the people; that artificial abundance is a social crime while millions of our fellow-citizens, men, women and children, suffer hunger, penury and want. We believe Parliament can and should be used to change the social order.

Those who oppose us disagree fundamentally, first, as to what is wrong with our lives, and secondly, with our remedies.

There is nothing wrong in this disagreement, though for myself I am bound to say that the longer I live the more certain am I that the truths I have learned from Christ's teaching are true and all else is wrong. Consequently, it is impossible for me to join with those who take the contrary view, though all of us can and do co-operate to ease the burdens of those who are forced to live under poverty-stricken conditions.

As to the Party system as such: this has grown to almost impossible proportions. In and out of Parliament men and women find themselves part of big and little organisations which almost control thought as well as speech and action.

The price in loss of freedom paid for what we describe as efficient loyalty and education is a terribly heavy one, and becomes more and more irksome every day; and when in turn is added collective responsibility for the policy and action of governments and executive committees it is more, or appears more, than ordinary honest people can bear.

Minds set free

Nobody can get into the House of Commons independent of a Party organisation I tried it once, and do not imagine I will ever do so again.

All the same, I am confident that if Democracy is to live, means must be found to free people's minds from the domination of the caucus, however enlightened or democratically elected that caucus may be. It is a good sign, no matter what their motives may be, that Members of the Tory Government are mildly kicking over the traces on such questions as India and Unemployment.

I do not see my way out of this and other similar difficulties, and until we do, Party strife will go on. But none of us need descend to Party rancour and sheer misrepresentation or distortion of one another's views.

My friends of the Labour Party in the House of Commons are treated as equals when in personal contact with other and more wealthy Members, but in the debates neither the Press nor many Ministers and others treat them in any other way than as intellectual inferiors. This is a kind of snobbery which those who are guilty will grow out of.

No doubt in word-spinning and rhetorical fireworks those considered cultured may beat our side. It is, however, certain that on all questions requiring common-sense all sections and all Parties are on the same footing. None is wise enough to be even humorously censorious of the other.

So let us all strive to keep down all Party strife so far as persons are concerned, and fight our fights on questions of principle as clearly as may be, and at the same time think out the means whereby we can all be free to speak truth as we see it without fear of any consequences.

Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Yes, this is a glorious thought and is part and parcel of what I think is involved in the words "The Christ that is to be."

Sometimes, as Longfellow puts it, I find myself bowed with despair. Do you remember his words:

"Then in despair I bowed my head,
'There is no peace on earth,' I said,
'For hate is strong and mocks the song
'Of Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men.'"

The increase of world armaments, the growth and development of the armaments race in the Pacific between America, Russia, Japan and ourselves, the terrible nightmare of fear which haunts the lives of millions living on frontiers throughout Europe, is enough to palsy all our efforts.

Saying this I am conscious also of something which gives me more hope than before. I have little faith in pacts and treaties. If such would prevent war, war would have ceased long ago. No: we must disarm our minds, and this is only possible when nations no longer seek to obtain for themselves special rights and privileges over other weaker nations.

Selfish conflict

The Western world has taught the East how modern Imperialism works; how, often in the name of the Prince of Peace, rapine and plunder and the slaughter of war are used simply for the supposed advantage of one nation over the other.

The controversies in Europe between France and Germany, Russia and Poland, are partly racial, but also mainly economic. All think of national economic advantage; each founds its policy on economic theories which mean in practice that nations can only rise in the sphere of material progress at the expense of one another.

I do not think this theory is true either of individuals or nations. There is more than room enough in the world for us all, and quite enough natural resources if properly shared and used for the service of all.

As matters are now managed, fighting, wrangling, squabbling like so many wild beasts around a carcase, statesmen and others seem to imagine that only by such means is it possible to live.

We shall not really get away from war until those we entrust with the management of our affairs are filled with a more common-sense view and realise that the world is for the use of all and no nation is good enough or wise enough to control others. We need the minds and simplicity of children if we are ever to apply Christian ethics to the settlement of the world's problems.

Love is not dead

I have no doubt, however, that in spite of the failure of nations to disarm, in spite of the inability of statesmen to tell the truth to one another, there is growing up in the world, and especially in our land, a public opinion that intends to see the thousand years of peace ushered in.

Old people in future will not be allowed to make quarrels and then send millions to suffer torment and death because of the stupidity of their elders. Everywhere you will find a growing number of people who will not bow down and worship at the shrine of the monster called the God of War.

No: we are finding a truer, nobler patriotism, a patriotism which calls from each of us the sacred faith that Peace is the greatest thing in life, and loving our neighbour at home and abroad is the only way to peace.

So, in once again bidding you all A Happy New Year, I ask you to read and believe the words, also taken from Longfellow:

Then pealed the Bells more loud and deep:
Love is not dead, nor doth it sleep.
The wrong shall fail, the Right prevail,
With Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men.

THE STOMACH REMEDY

with over 20 YEARS' PROOF of EFFICACY

Doctors and Nurses the World over will tell you that

'BISURATED' MAGNESIA

NEVER FAILS TO REMOVE

INDIGESTION

and all STOMACH TROUBLES

Here are a few more letters which serve to prove you can easily and quickly get permanent relief from the pain and agony caused by faulty digestion. Each has a story to tell of an amazing recovery when hope had almost been abandoned.

"SEVERE PAINS IN STOMACH RELIEVED"

says Mr. Kelland of Exeter, who writes: "For a long time I suffered severe pains in my stomach; it seemed to be getting worse until I dreaded eating anything. The pain got so bad I was afraid I had a malignant growth in my stomach. I was advised to try 'Bisurated' Magnesia — the very first dose relieved the pain and now I can eat practically anything without any pain whatever. I am 74 years old and life seems worth living again."

from a recent photo of Mr. E. Kelland.

After years of torture 'Bisurated' Magnesia brought him complete and lasting relief!

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from a recent photo of Mrs. Bulman.

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Mr. Bulman, of Hull, writes:— "My wife suffered stomach trouble for fifteen years, tried nearly everything possible without relief until she tried 'Bisurated' Magnesia which worked wonders. There is nothing to beat it, and after what I have seen her suffer, absolutely prostrated with pain, I think it my duty to sufferers to let them know of your wonderful remedy."

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Mr. H. P. Martin, Corn & Seed Stores, High St., Kelvedon, Essex, writes:—"I have suffered with gastritis for the last 29 years and have had two operations and been in 5 hospitals . . . Seeing your advertisement for 'Bisurated' Magnesia I bought a bottle and am pleased to tell you I got free from pain almost at once. I can now eat my food without fear of pain and am better in health than I have been since I was 20 years of age." This is one of countless cases in which 'Bisurated' Magnesia has proved its curative power.

from a recent photo of Mr. Martin.

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I AM about the last one among JOHN BULL's million and a half readers from whom one would expect to hear a true story of adventure in the company of the great. I am a Post Office clerk.

My working life, now running into thirty years, has been one of uneventful, if useful, routine.

My adventure came after the war. In 1920 I had my holiday late in the year, and went on a visit to my brother, who had just been demobilised after an absence of four years in the East. His home was in a small village in the Midlands, where he was a railway clerk.

One evening he was kept late at his work, and I strolled along to the local inn to have a glass of ale. Not more than half a dozen people were in the inn parlour, a spacious room with old oak beams. One of them was the local police sergeant in mufti.

About ten minutes after I had taken a seat by the big fireplace, I heard a motor cycle draw up at the door. A tallish man of about thirty, wearing a leather coat and with a muffler concealing his mouth, came into the parlour. He stood for a moment at the door until his eyes were accustomed to the light.

There was something vaguely familiar about the visitor, but I could not "place him." Walking up to the bar, he asked the landlord for some bread and cheese, and, instead of the usual beer, a pot of "strong tea." While the tea was being prepared, the motor cyclist, having stuffed his muffler in his coat pocket, stood with his back to me, munching a crust.

Presently the tea was served on a table opposite my own, and as the man sat down I had the first clear view of his features. I recognised him as a fellow employee in the Post Office who had worked some years earlier at the Savings Bank Department in Hammersmith, which I visited frequently.

I knew him slightly, and his name, as far as I could recall, was Collins. He glanced at me and then past me without any sign of recognition. I thought that possibly I was mistaken, and as he drank his tea determined to test my memory.

"Weren't you at one time in the Post Office?" I asked.

His eyelids flickered for just a second.

"I am afraid you are mistaken," he replied with a candid smile. "I am an engineer by profession, and have never been in the public service."

I was not convinced. The more closely I studied him the more certain I was that this was the man whom I had known in pre-war days.

"Well," I said, "you are the absolute double of a man I used to know in the Post Office. His name was——"

There was a crash of broken crockery. In half rising, apparently to look at the clock above the fireplace, the stranger had knocked his cup and saucer on to the red stone hearth.

"That means bad luck," he said, laughing, and, as we bent down simultaneously to pick up the fragments, he whispered: "Follow me outside. I want to speak to you."

There was something so commanding in the summons that I never thought of disobeying it. The visitor paid his bill, including the price of the cup and saucer, and, after apologising to the landlord for his clumsiness, wrapped his muffler round his throat and strode out of the inn.

I followed. Once outside, he pushed his motor cycle, which had been left standing opposite the porch, well into the middle of the wide village street. I noticed he kept an eye on the inn door.

"In the first place," he said, as he stepped on the pedal and started his engine, "can you direct me to Beecher's Farm?"

It happened that I could. I had passed the place that morning during a stroll. There was a signpost pointing up a lane to the old place, which lay behind a spinney a couple of hundred yards away. I had further cause to know the farm, for it was next house to the country home of one of the most famous writers in England, which I had set out to visit in my walk.

There were one or two turnings before one reached the lane from the village. As I was giving the directions as best I could, the man with the muffler broke in:

"Would it be troubling you too much to come with me on the back of the cycle? I can bring you back here again when I know the way."

As that meant only a few minutes on a motor bike, I consented. But I had misgivings. Was he my former acquaintance? I was sure he was. If so, why had he denied it?

"Before we start," I said as I placed my leg over the carrier, "are you or are you not the Collins I once knew in the Post Office?"

"Of course I am. I'll tell you about it in a minute."

Just then the tall figure of the village police sergeant appeared at the inn doorway.

"Hold tight," said Collins.

Automatically I clutched his shoulders and we darted off at a pace which I thought was highly unnecessary.

"Was that a policeman?" my companion shouted.

"Yes," I answered.

It dawned on me that friend Collins did not want to meet a policeman. Also, that he must have some reason for it. . . . He was a criminal, a fugitive from justice, or possibly a homicidal maniac escaped from a lunatic asylum.

And I was his prisoner. I could not jump off, for we were travelling at breakneck speed. Even if I could, Collins would stop and—desperate criminal or dangeous lunatic—where would I be?

I was scared, too scared to reflect what a fool I was ever to leave the cosy inn parlour.

A signpost which I saw fifty yards on in the light of the headlamp reminded me of our destination, Beecher's Farm. I did not want to go to Beecher's Farm. The lanes there were very lonely. But still less did I want to offend the man in front, who had kidnapped me, I now felt certain, with what object heaven only knew.

"Turn right," I yelled.

Collins took no notice. He flashed past the turning and held straight down the main road. I had no doubt that he had designs which could not be other than sinister. The next village was about three miles on.

I tried to hit on a plan of action, but failed. Cool, clear reasoning was not in my line at the moment. I just held on.

We never reached the next village. About a mile on this side Collins turned up one of the many narrow lanes, in the opposite direction from Beecher's Farm. We bumped over the rough road for some minutes, and finally came to a stop beside a clump of trees.

Collins switched off the engine and the light, and as I slid off the back, my knees trembling, he remarked cheerfully: "I think this place is as safe as any."

"If he means to murder me," I thought, "he is certainly right."

The place was as safe for that purpose as a Siberian forest. It was pitch dark, with neither moon nor stars. There was no sign of human habitation anywhere.

"You won't shout for help, will you?" said Collins, placing his hand on my shoulder—at which I started violently. His admonition was superfluous. I was beyond shouting by this time.

"N—no," I assured him.

"That's a good fellow," said he heartily. "Now I had better explain myself, just to set your mind at rest."

For the first time he betrayed an Irish accent, and I remembered what hitherto I had forgotten, that Collins of the Post Office Savings Department was in fact an Irishman.

"It was clear to me when I saw you in the inn back there," he went on, "that you knew who I was, but didn't."

He was right again. I knew him as a former civil servant, but not as a criminal or an escaped lunatic, whichever it was.

"And you were just about for giving me away to a policeman with his calling written all over him, sitting there not three yards off. I was not taking any risks like that, so I just had to kidnap you for safety. My problem now is what to do with you for the rest of the night."

There was silence for a minute while my captor worked out a scheme. I tried to help him with what to me was the obvious solution.

"Take me back to the village," I suggested nervously. "I swear on my oath that I will not tell a soul about you."

"You believe that now, but supposing you changed your mind? The whole of the police two hundred miles round would be making a ring to catch me. Michael Collins is a big fool, as every-

"He blindfolded me, and we set off down the lane. . . He was a daredevil rider."

JOHN BULL Readers' Stories —110—

body knows, but not such a big fool as that."

Michael Collins! So this was the most daring and dangerous of the Irish rebels who had defied capture by the most astute minds of the police forces of England and Ireland.

I had read a lot about Michael Collins in the last year or two, but had never associated him with the young man I once knew in the unromantic and peaceful rôle of clerk in the Savings Bank Department. Details of his earlier career had never been published.

I had lost some of my nervousness. It was reassuring that I was not in the hands of a criminal lunatic or a crook, though you could never tell what these wild Irishmen would do, especially when there was a price on their head.

"I cannot very well truss you up and leave you until somebody finds you," Michael remarked. "It is a raw sort of night and you might catch a chill."

That further reassured me. A man who was obviously disturbed by the thought of a peaceful citizen like myself suffering after a night in the open could not be so very dangerous.

"If you take me back," I said, "you need have no fear of my saying anything. I am sympathetic to your cause —(I was)—and I know nobody in the village but my own brother. I won't even tell him."

Michael hesitated.

"I have a feeling I would be safe in your hands," he said, "but I have more than myself to think of. A big scheme will go wrong if I am not safe on board a motor boat at the coast by the early hours of the morning. . . . I have a plan. Until I am safe out of the country you will be the guest of a friend of mine who lives about forty miles from here. But you must not know where he lives. I shall have to blindfold you. Do you mind very much?"

I had not the slightest objection. In my relief from my earlier fears I would have been happy to undergo much worse discomfort than a handkerchief round my eyes.

Michael blindfolded me and we set off up the lane. My ride could hardly be described as pleasant. Michael was a daredevil rider, and it would have been no surprise to me if my night of strange adventure had ended in a hospital.

After about an hour I was led over the stone flags of an old-fashioned kitchen and up two flights of stairs. Collins told me I could remove my handkerchief. I found myself in a small and cosily furnished bedroom.

Collins left me and returned a few minutes later with a plate of cold beef, some pickles and a cut-glass bottle well filled with whisky.

"You will not be able to leave this room," he said, "for you will be locked in. At six o'clock in the morning you will be awakened. After dressing, blindfold yourself and come out to the top of the stairs. A friend of mine will drive you in a car to within easy distance of your village.

"By that time I will have left the coast, which is two hours from here, and you can then tell every policeman in England that you met Michael Collins—though I do not believe you will."

When he left me I tackled the cold meat and whisky. Before long I was in dreamland, riding on the back of a motor bike down precipitous paths and across narrow bridges spanning roaring torrents.

I was awakened by a hand shaking my shoulder. Someone whispered in my ear to get up quick and blindfold myself. I obeyed instructions. Outside the bedroom my arm was gripped and I was led downstairs and into a motor car.

At the end of an hour's drive the car stopped and I was told gruffly to get out. This was the first time the driver had spoken.

The car set off. It had disappeared by the time I had collected myself sufficiently to take the handkerchief off my eyes. It was not yet daylight. I found myself outside the railway station of a small town some ten miles from my brother's home. A train was shortly due, and I arrived in time for breakfast.

I did not tell my brother and his wife about Michael Collins. The magnetism of that remarkable man seemed to be influencing me, and I had a queer prompting that I must not speak of him. I concocted a story, partly true, of meeting an old colleague from the Post Office, who drove me home in his car and put me up for the night.

When two years later Michael Collins came to London, not as a fugitive, but to sign the Peace Treaty, I sent him a letter, wishing him luck. He invited me to come and see him at his Jermyn Street hotel.

"I want to ask only one thing," I said. "Where did I spend that night?"

Michael smiled.

"About a mile and a half from the inn where I picked you up," he replied. "The ride on the motor bike and the drive in the car were round and round a circle of roads. I was putting you off the scent.

"I never went to the coast. I slept in the next bedroom to yourself, and was the man who drove you to the station. It was all bluff. The house was my chief hiding place when I was in this country. It must never be under the faintest suspicion, if only for the sake of the owner.

"I had just come down from Liverpool, after crossing on the boat with the special pass of a certain Irish Member of Parliament, and had a rendezvous at the village inn with a London member of the I.R.A. It would not have been safe for him to call at the house. As it happened, he was not able to come.

"Then you nearly gave the show away. The name Collins meant nothing to you, but it may have meant a lot to the village bobby whom I had spotted in the corner. I had no option but to lure you out of harm's way and then pretend that I was taking you a journey miles off."

"But where actually was the house?"

"Next to Beecher's Farm, though that is not for publication."

I have already referred to the place, the country home of a famous writer. I appreciated more than ever Michael's need for caution. What a sensation in the days of "The Trouble" if the notorious Irish rebel had been arrested in the house of the kindly but patriotic Sir ——. No, I will not tell it yet.

As for Michael Collins, a lump came into my throat when I read of his assassination next winter. I thought of the smashed cup and saucer which he said would bring bad luck.

"Works Wonders Overnight"

That is what Mr. J. P. Dennigan, of 158 Canterbury Road, West Croydon, says of Vick brand Vapour-Rub. In telling of the happy youngster pictured above, he writes, "'Vick' has saved my little son, Mac, from many bad colds on the chest. Usually, after an application on going to bed, he awakens quite well in the morning."

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IF You Suffer from CATARRH

—See page 29.

MY MUMMY'S PARTIES ARE SO NICE. MY CHUMS HAVE SECOND HELPINGS TWICE—
MY MUMMY'S PARTY WAS SO NICE. WE HAD JELLIES! ARE YOU GOING TO HAVE JELLIES AT YOUR PARTY, TOO?
TRY THESE ROWNTREE'S JELLIES, MADAM. MOST PEOPLE BUY THEM, THEY CONTAIN REAL FRUIT JUICES—YOU KNOW
THINKING
I'VE NEVER SEEN CHILDREN SO FOND OF JELLY—IT MUST BE THE REAL FRUIT TASTE OF ROWNTREE'S
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HUMAN DOCUMENTS

Probed by PHILIP INMAN

What a Young Man Should Tell

I REMEMBER so clearly a scene in which the late Lord Buckmaster was the central figure. Tall and stately, every inch of him a gentleman, he had been making a plea for the agricultural worker. "It is a scandal that we should tolerate such conditions," he had said, when somebody in the audience cried out, "What do you know about it?"

Lord Buckmaster paused, fixed his eyes upon the interrupter, and said very quietly, "I ought to know a good deal about it, for my father was a farm labourer."

There are many men and women who have risen from poor homes to occupy high positions in our public life. A true sign of their greatness is that they are never ashamed to acknowledge their humble origin. I commend this fact to the writer of the following letter.

"Three years ago," he writes, "I left my home in South Wales to go to a training centre with the hope of bettering myself. After staying there for six months I was found very good employment. Some months after my arrival I was introduced to a girl whose station in life was higher than my own, for she is the daughter of prosperous business people and they have always been very kind to me.

"Now that the friendship has developed to something more, I am sure that her father and mother think it is high time that I took her home, but I shrink from doing so because we are in very poor circumstances and my father has been unemployed for a long time. The mainstay of the family is a brother of nineteen and I have also a young sister of fourteen.

"What do you think I ought to do? I cannot face the prospect of losing this girl, and yet if I should take her home I am afraid this might happen."

And why should it happen? It could only do so because of one of two things. Has this young man led his girl and her parents to believe that his home conditions are different from what they really are? If so, then he has simply asked for trouble. A deception of that kind is bound to be discovered, and then there is the inevitable reckoning.

THE other reason for this young man's fear that he might lose his girl is if he is not quite sure of her character. In that event, too, the sooner he faces up to the matter the better it will be for him. If she is likely to turn him down because his home is a poor one—through circumstances which are beyond his control—then her friendship is not worth worrying about.

After all what are the facts? A young fellow of nineteen is the mainstay of the family, there is a sister too young to work, and a father out of employment.

How can his home conditions be anything but poor? In these days there are many parents who are having a desperate struggle to keep things going. All honour to them for doing it, and all praise to the sons and daughters who stand by their folk in their time of hardships and difficulties.

And so, young man, I advise you to take a leaf out of Lord Buckmaster's book. Tell your girl just what your home and parents are like. There is no crime in poverty. But there is a sin in snobbery. And you must be careful lest you sink into it.

Remember Robert Burns' fine words:

The rank is but the guinea's stamp
The man's the gowd for a' that.

And my next correspondent has proved himself to be a man, though his friends, so called, have looked down upon him. Here is his letter:

"I am thirty-nine years of age and married. In 1922 I took my degree at the university and obtained an appointment as secretary to a private limited company, which position I retained until, owing to the depression, the firm went into voluntary liquidation. I tried desperately hard to find other suitable employment, but, unable to do so, I took a labourer's job until something better turned up, with the immediate result that I was ostracised by my friends.

"This was only one of the consequences, for the longer I carried on with this kind of work the more I prejudiced my chances of rehabilitation in my own line. Whenever I made application for a post I was always asked: 'What was your last occupation?' And that finished it.

"I am now out of employment again, and the essence of my problem is whether I should let my expensive specialised knowledge go to seed by accepting other labourer's work or whether to wait until a position consistent with my qualifications is found.

"If the former, I am postponing, if not completely damning, any hope of re-establishment in my professional capacity. If the latter, what is to happen to my house and family until the desired job turns up?"

Now it seems to me a complete waste that a man who has such qualifications should not be able to find a position where he can use them, but that, alas! is the case with many folk to-day.

NOW what ought he to do? The first thing to remember is that he is married and has family responsibilities. His work as a labourer will mean food and shelter, and that is at least a stand-by.

But he must use this as a means to an end. Let him remember the words of the song, "You can't keep a good man down."

What he needs is a road that will lead him back to his professional life. Well, here is one idea. In the town where he lives there must be evening classes and night schools. Surely with his degree and other qualifications he could apply for a position as teacher or lecturer?

Then as secretary of a public company he has had excellent commercial experience. By a small advertisement in the local paper he might offer to advise or supervise businesses in the neighbourhood.

He could also explain his circumstances to influential people in the town. The right kind would honour him for taking a job as a labourer rather than remaining idle. I am sure they would be willing to help him secure a post which his ability entitles him to fill. I hope that before long he will write to tell me that his step is once more on the ladder of success.

I am always desperately sorry for the mother who has to bring up a young family and who has no husband to guide and help her. Here is a case in point:

"I am the mother of four little boys. Two years ago I had to get a legal separation from a husband who had treated me very cruelly for the eight years of our married life. The children were given into my custody, and since then I have had to work very hard indeed to keep them. I had received a very sheltered upbringing and, of course, had no career at my fingerends that would enable me to earn.

"Now I work as a daily help from eight a.m. till eight p.m., and then at night I write stories for the magazines, which, I am sorry to say, seldom sell. I have put the three elder boys in a boarding school and the youngest is in the care of a motherly woman during my work hours in the day.

"My question is this: A cousin of mine has discovered my plight. He and his wife are proud, aloof people of very considerable means. They have written to say that they are prepared to adopt one of my boys and bring him up as their own, provided there is no further connection between him and his brothers or me. What am I to do? I feel that it is going to be hard to part with any of them, and unbearably so if I am never to see them again."

I can't understand the attitude of some people. This offer comes from cousins—blood relations—and yet think of the conditions they want to impose. They will take one of these children, but he must never see his mother or his brothers again! I am told that these people are well off. The only reason I can imagine for such an attitude is that they are ashamed to admit that their adopted son has a mother who earns her living as a daily help.

I CAN quite understand how my correspondent feels about it. Her concern is for the happiness and well-being of her children. But I am by no means certain that that will be secured by parting with one of them. I *am* certain that she would grieve terribly if she takes this step. The whole tenour of her letter supports that view.

Then why should she do it? If this cousin of hers and his wife persist in their harsh demands, I advise her to reject their proposal. After all, though the struggle has been hard, she still has her dreams. She can live for that day when they will all be reunited in a happy family life again. That is well worth waiting for, and well worth working for.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

Please Stop the Wedding!

THE probation officer has been called to tell, in evidence, all that he knows about the two young people now waiting in court. The magistrate has heard what the parents have to say. He is weighing up the arguments for and against.

And, as he takes time to make his decision, the young boy and girl look at each other lovingly, anxiously, hanging on his next words, which will mean so much to them—either permission for them to marry at once, or a refusal and the long wait until they come of age and a parents' consent to marriage is no longer necessary.

The scene is typical of many "cases" heard in our courts in all parts of the country. They are the cases of young people anxious to marry, but because one or other or both of them are not of age, are unable to do so without parental consent. And this is refused.

Only a few years ago their positions would have been hopeless. They would have had no remedy. Then came the law which enabled them to apply to the court for permission to marry.

Now anyone under age who wishes to marry but cannot get parental consent can take out a summons and have the case decided by the magistrate.

The furious fiancé

Each case is gone into thoroughly and decided on its own merits. The magistrate does not *always* give his permission. Sometimes he upholds the parental refusal.

In one such case not long ago the parents of a girl aged nineteen would not consent to her marriage with a young man of her own age because he had beaten her. Even that did not damp her ardour.

"I asked for it," she told the magistrate, "and it was for my own good." However, the magistrate agreed with the parents that a young man who showed so little control over his temper before marriage was hardly likely to make a good husband.

Moreover, as he was only earning twenty-five shillings a week the magistrate thought it best that they should wait before taking such a serious step. In two years the girl might find that she did not love him so much. In any case, by that time they would both be of age and able to please themselves.

Parents are not always as reasonable as those parents were in their objections. Take this father. His eldest daughter, who was then eighteen, had fallen in love with a young man of twenty-five, and they wanted to get married.

Magistrate's blessing

The young man was in a good job and would be able to give her a comfortable home, and they seemed very happy together. But he was born in March, and the girl in August. According to the stars, so the father said, they were not suited to each other, and the marriage would be unhappy. Nothing would induce him to consent to it.

In that case the magistrate did not agree with the father. He gave them his consent and his blessing, and the young lovers left the court smiling happily.

In another case the father and the prospective son-in-law did not get on well together. Whenever they met they seemed to have "words." And on one occasion the words came to blows. Thereupon the father decided that the young man was no fit man to be the husband of his daughter. The girl was only eighteen, and her father refused his consent to the marriage.

When the case came into court the father objected strongly, said the young man had hit him on the jaw, and kicked the girl's mother.

However, the magistrate had had a good deal of experience of these family squabbles, and apparently did not take them very seriously. After listening very carefully to all the evidence he gave his consent to the marriage. And, as though to bear out the wisdom of the magistrate's decision, the young man immediately went over and shook hands with his future father-in-law.

Father has said "No"—but there's always a chance that the magistrate will say "Yes"

Sometimes the court is called upon to unravel knotty problems. A girl of twenty and a man of fifty-one wished to get married. Only on the day before that fixed for the wedding did the girl discover that the consent of her parents was necessary as she was under age.

Here was a dilemma, for she did not know where her parents were. She had not heard of them since she was sixteen, and her letters to them had been returned marked "Not known." So she went to the court.

The case was hurried through and was heard on the morning of her wedding day, only an hour before the time fixed for the wedding. When the magistrate heard all the circumstances he gave his consent, and the couple left the court, jumped into a taxi, and were driven straight to the register office. Afterwards they sent a piece of wedding cake to the court officials who had helped them.

Hard on the sailor

A similar case was that of a girl who was in service and had not seen her parents for some years, and did not know where they were. She was nineteen, and asked the court for permission to marry a young labourer. This was granted, and the next day, which was the bridegroom's twenty-first birthday, they were married. They had no honeymoon, and afterwards returned to the home of the bride's employers, where it was arranged they should live.

Sometimes it is the mother who objects to a child who is under age marrying. One mother did not want her eighteen-year-old daughter to marry a man because he was a sailor. He seemed steady enough, and had known the girl for two years, but the mother did not like sailors. She said: "You don't know what they get up to on these long voyages. You wait until you're twenty-one, my girl. Then perhaps you'll have some sense."

However, the magistrate was sympathetic, and gave his consent.

Red hair's taboo!

Another mother did not want her twenty-year-old son to marry a girl because she had red hair. She had always found that people with red hair had fiery tempers. Her son was sensitive and quiet, and hated any quarrels. Therefore she thought the girl and he would not get on well together.

As they seemed very fond of each other and were anxious to marry, and as there was nothing else against the girl, the magistrate gave his permission.

Sometimes parents seem to withhold their consent through nothing but spite.

A girl of sixteen was going to have a baby, and its father was anxious to marry her. Her parents, however, refused to give their consent, saying she was too young to have the responsibility of managing a home and taking care of the child.

When a second child was born the parents turned the young mother out of their home and refused to have anything to do with her, *but still refused to allow her to marry.*

The young man thereupon furnished a room for her and the children. Then she applied to the court for permission to marry. When giving his decision the magistrate said: "In the circumstances I think it is better I should give my consent. I hope you will be happy and stick to each other. Remember, marriage is for better or worse. I hope you will be happy."

THE HUMAN MACHINE

GET ON WITH IT!

HOW much time do you waste in wondering what other people are doing instead of just getting ahead with your own job? You can waste time like this in several ways. You can waste it in envying other people. You can waste it in fearing other people. You can waste it in despising them, in criticising them, in rushing madly about trying to steal a march on them.

You can waste it in getting despondent and wondering if it's worth while going on since the other fellow's getting on so much better than you are.

And it's all silly and a waste of time. Every bit of it. For all you've got to do is to do your job the best way it can be done. If you do that, you've done all that anyone could ask of you. No one could do more.

There's too much envy and malice and distrust and suspicion about most of us. We don't sufficiently realise that everyone up against a job of work is up against a set of problems—and that these problems are mostly the same for all of us. We may not see the other fellow's worries—but he's got them all right!

The secret of concentration—which is also the secret of success—is quite simple. All you've got to do is to concentrate.

And you can do it the moment you stop worrying about other people and get on with the job of filling your own corner adequately.

After all, what's going to be important in the end is what you do—not what someone else does. If what you do is done well, you're going to be successful.

If it isn't done well, you're going to be a failure. It's childishly simple—but it's profoundly true.

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WRIGHT'S coal tar SOAP

"Sure enough, there he was, sorting over the books, searching for a detective story"

A Wisp of SAD Humanity

by a Village Librarian

IN the village one evening a week is library night; then the school lights shine out on the village darkness and silence, the fire blazes, and the local librarian sits and awaits the arrival of those who want books badly enough to brave the tramp down long, lone roads, where, unless one carries a torch it is impossible to avoid ditches, mud and puddles.

This week the rain came down in torrents, the blackness was intense, yet I knew I must be on duty, for I should certainly have one "customer." Sure enough, there he was, sorting over the books, searching for a Wallace or other detective story such as his soul loves.

The rain continued in torrents. I knew he would be the sole borrower, so I sat on the fireguard and we talked for an hour.

Now, this man is interesting as being a fair representative of a type of which we have many on all the surrounding farms in this isolated piece of the South Country.

The men are supposedly mentally deficient. They receive no wages; they work tremendously hard from dawn till dark; they are allowed only 2s. a week pocket money, their clothes are provided generously; they live with the farmer, and their lot is good or bad, entirely according to the type of person he or his wife happens to be.

DOES the farmer bear the cost of the food? That I have never been able to ascertain, but I think not, and, considering the amount of work these unfortunates do, it seems they provide a good bargain.

On Saturday night, for example, when Mr. and Mrs. Farmer take their well-earned trip to the "pictures"—and you would scarcely believe the rush required to get round all the animals and birds, to get washed and changed, in time—it is the boarded-out man who goes the round, shutting up the chickens and doing all those oddments of work everlastingly necessary on the farm.

Imagine the loss, for example, when, during the owner's short and well-earned absence on Saturday night, the lamps of the baby chickens' foster-mother flares up, catches alight and all are burnt to death: equal disaster follows if the lamp goes out—the chicks die of cold.

How immensely useful, then, is that untiring boarded-out man, who has no rights in the matter of hours or outings!

I do not know why my friend of library nights is under the boarded-out system; neither does he

He is short and lame, with a nice face and a slow method of speech, and he is certainly as intelligent as very many of the men of the district living normal lives, and much more intelligent than others.

Last library night he was filled with indignation. On an ordinary working day, when he had his cows to do, and so on, he had received a letter, marked important, saying he was to report to the Medical Officer in the local country town.

He had gone, and oh! the silly questions he had had to answer. Fancy, taking a man from his serious work to ask him how many months in the year—and which was the first and which the last month. I am now talking as he talked to me, using his own words.

My friend has what the modern psychologists would call "fixation" with regard to "money," doubtless put into him by some unintelligent schoolmaster. He tells me, always sadly, "but, you see, Miss, I can't remember how many pence there are in a pound."

WELL, a lady present at the interview suggested to the deputy M.O. that they tried money, whereat my friend said he warned them that he was backward in money. Sheer terror took him; he forgot again how many pence in a pound, yet he knew there were eight half-crowns.

"But," he reiterated, in telling the story, "the waste of time to answer *such* questions." And, anyway, he couldn't talk to them as to me—if he said the wrong thing, mightn't he be spirited back to a mental hospital? He can tell stories of Wandsworth, Caterham, Watford, Dartford, etc.

He quoted "A still tongue maketh a wise head." He said: "You see, I am not free; if I do anything, if I take a day off to go to London, if I say what I really think to the M.O., I *may* be sent back to a mental hospital. You see, I am not free."

Always he introduced the topics of our talk. We discussed books: he likes anything but romances. We discussed his family; he was extraordinarily pleased to discover I knew Burnham-on-Sea, where he was born, and Glastonbury. He told me of his relations, of how he suspected that his very smart and prosperous youngest sister found him in the way at his home, hence the beginning of his journeyings through mental hospitals.

We discussed the iniquities of the Milk Board. And the absurdity of providing him with a new suit every three months; for where could he wear them, he who was not free to do anything but work in the cow-stalls?

Always the return to the wonderment at his own position, and why and how he had got into it, and the utter pathos of the refrain, "Of course, I *am* backward at money," and his delight at the brilliance of the young clerk, who so quickly adds the sales at the local market every Thursday.

And the added pathos of his own perfect understanding of the position—his lack of freedom, his lack of rights, his knowledge that whatever he said might only hinder and could never help.

Someone had branded him mentally deficient, since his was not the glib mind of the orthodox type, and for him there was nothing but silence and work and an occasional trip to a married sister whose husband resented him.

HE trudged off out into the darkness and rain, his books under his arm (I should like the M.O. to hear him discuss books), carrying his silent perplexities, his invisible unbreakable chains.

I am haunted by him and his like who live in our midst . . . they look out from nursery gardens over hedges, from fields; they have always infinite sadness in their eyes; they are very silent.

Another brought a friend to see me last Christmas Day. My house was full to overflowing, and it was neither the time nor the place to explain. So they sat in my kitchen and chaffed each other as befitted the season, and ate mince-pie and forgot, I hope, for a few moments that society had branded them, that they had no hope, no rights—that they but faced another year of drudgery.

I know brilliant men and women who are "backward at money." Isn't that rather a mark of genius? I know bishops and doctors whose writing is quite illegible, but, you see, these did not begin life poor and crippled, did not get in someone's way when they were very young.

Race with "Silver Ring"

The "Victory" Double

I NOTICE that one enterprising commission agent, advertising in the *Sporting Life*, has formed an ante-post market on the two "Victory" races at Manchester's New Year meeting.

At the moment of writing his odds for the Victory 'Chase are 10 to 1, bar four.

Brienz and Jackal are quoted at "threes," Tolvadden at 9 to 2 and Red Park at 8 to 1. The last-mentioned looks very tempting to me.

Red Park is a winner of the Irish Grand National at Fairyhouse.

The odds offered in the Victory Hurdle range from 9 to 2 the favourite, Gay Light, to 20 to 1 each Sledge and Shipbourne. Gay Light, a good winner recently at 8 to 1, is one of my hurdlers to follow, but I do not think he will win with 12 st. 9 lb.

More to my liking is Adriatic, about whom 6 to 1 is offered. Lord Derby's cast-off is now in Peacock's stable and may have to be considered for the Lincoln. Anyway, Red Park and Adriatic form a nice pair for the "Victory" double.

The odds I have mentioned pay 48 to 1 the double.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, December 27, to Wednesday, January 2.

Z R 98 T F 94 M P U X O A Q C 93 B
L W N 96 G E D V Y 97 S K H J I 95

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: 95ZSK9694W would read BLOATER.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KZ2YP93KZ would read ALLUVIAL.

TOOK DRUGS FOR 30 YEARS, THEN CEREAL BROUGHT RELIEF

This User Endorses ALL-BRAN for Constipation

If you suffer from headaches, loss of appetite and energy or any other of the frequent effects of constipation, read this voluntary letter:

"After taking drugs for about thirty years for constipation, I started to take your ALL-BRAN three times a day according to directions. To-day I can eat cheese, and that is binding, and certainly feel fine."—Mr. E. F.

Science says ALL-BRAN provides "bulk" to exercise the intestines, and vitamin B to further aid regular habits. In addition, ALL-BRAN is rich in blood-building iron.

The "bulk" in ALL-BRAN is much like that of leafy vegetables. Inside the body, it forms a soft mass which gently clears the intestines of wastes.

Isn't this pleasant "cereal way" far more healthful than using drugs —so often habit-forming?

Just eat two tablespoonfuls daily. In serious cases, with each meal. If not relieved this way, see your doctor.

Look for the name Kellogg on every packet. Sold by all grocers. Made by Kellogg in London, Canada.

9d. per packet. (Not I.F.S.) R.3

His present

His present need not be costly to be good. Player's Digger is the most successful tobacco made from Empire Leaf. Being so popular with many smokers it forms a splendid yet economical gift.

2/8 ¼lb tin

PLAYER'S

DIGGER

FLAKE · MIXTURE · SHAG

also DIGGER HONEYDEW DIGGER CUT PLUG & DIGGER BLACK CUT CAVENDISH

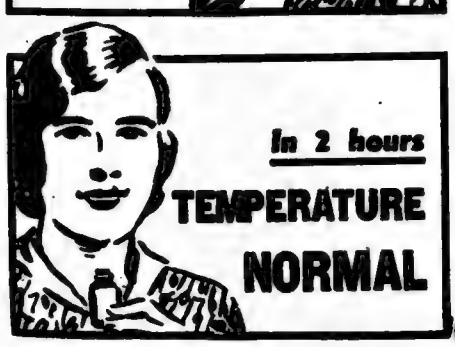
Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. P.D.25

Phensic

BRAND TABLETS

A CERTAIN CURE FOR 'FLU

"Your Phensic is indeed a sure cure for Influenza." writes Miss I. P., of Leyton. "I took two tablets in a glass of hot lemon water, also two in warm water as a gargle for the throat—in less than two hours my temperature was normal and all pain vanished."



2 FULL DOSES for 3D.

PHENSIC IS NOW WITHIN REACH OF EVERYONE

Phensic is now recognised by Doctors, Nurses, Hospitals and Chemists as the certain cure for Influenza. The wonderful formula for Phensic was discovered by a famous London Physician who prescribed it to his private patients. It proved so successful in breaking up the most severe attacks of Influenza, reducing high temperature and preventing all dangerous complications, that it is offered to the general public. In the 3d. and 6d. sizes Phensic is within the reach of every household. No home can afford to be without Phensic during the epidemic months, and it only costs 3d. for TWO FULL DOSES!

Be prepared against INFLUENZA, COLDS, HEADACHES, NERVE PAINS, NEURITIS, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, etc., etc.

3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

Sold Everywhere.

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on p. 29.

BILIOUS ATTACKS BANISHED

Mrs. Hallas, 46, Regent Road, Blackpool, writes: "I feel I must write and tell you of the wonderful benefit I have derived from Vitadatio. Before taking your medicine, I never missed a week without a Bilious Attack, and used to feel awful for many a day. There were lots of foods I dare not eat, but now I can eat almost anything without any bad effect. I recommend it to everybody, and shall never be without Vitadatio."

Vitadatio SEND FOR FREE BOOK of TESTIMONIALS

The World-renowned Herbal Tonic and Blood purifier —invaluable for Blood Trouble, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints. Vitadatio has saved thousands of lives—it may save yours. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle (post 6d. extra in U.K.) Special £1/- bottles for export only, post free. From VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS

We can't bear scrubbing

We babies are sensitive about our complexions and when men start scrubbing us with their barbwire chins it makes us bristle with anger. They should shave with Stead Blades —the blades that give clean, smooth, perfect shaves—and then things would run smoothly.

STEAD RAZOR BLADES

In a handy wallet, 7 blades for 6d. Boots, Taylors Drug Stores, W. H. Smith & Son's Bookstalls and most Dealers sell them.

Cough! Cold! and Bronchitis!

INSTANT RELIEF!

MOTHER'S WONDERFUL TESTIMONY

Child's Severe Bronchitis Quickly Cured.

from a recent photo of Mrs. Blincon and child of Wednesbury, Staffs.

"My little girl aged 3½ has just had a severe attack of bronchitis. I bought a bottle of 'Pineate' and am pleased to say that after a week's treatment she got rid of her cough completely."

(signed Mrs. Blincon).

Don't neglect a cough, cold or bronchitis–you risk serious lung trouble if you do! There's instant relief in the very first dose of 'Pineate' Honey Syrup, which soothes and heals the irritated Throat, Chest and Lungs and kills disease-germs and infection. Don't delay–get 'Pineate' Honey Syrup to-day – its quick action on the most stubborn cough will surprise you.

'Pineate' brand HONEY SYRUP

Most economical—only half-a-teaspoonful to a dose. Of all chemists 1/6 a bottle.

She does not merely turn the handle nowadays to produce the butter—here are modern dairymaids learning all the scientific wrinkles

"Going for a TEST TUBE, Sir," she Says

FEW occupations are changing and becoming more complicated than that of the milkmaid. "Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" is likely nowadays to meet with the reply, "To fetch my test tubes and study bacteria, sir," she said.

In most cases she is just as pretty as her predecessor, but she thinks more of a mortar board than of a flowered bonnet, for the ambition of the modern dairymaid is to become a Bachelor of Science, after a three years' course of dairying at an agricultural college.

Many, of course, have to be content with a briefer training, and after a short course and examination a Diploma in Dairying, issued by the Royal Agricultural College, can be obtained. According to an expert, the modern dairymaid must be a chemist, a bacteriologist and an engineer.

Grade "A" milkmaids

The modern counterpart of the "pretty maid," instead of dimpling her face at the young man's evident admiration, prefers to wrinkle it into a puzzled frown as she studies how bacteria grow, feed and multiply and watches through a microscope the circumstances which favour their growth or make for their destruction.

Without this knowledge she cannot tell if the cream is properly ripe, in which case the butter would not be uniform with other batches. Butter-making for her is not an opportunity to show a comely elbow, with the quality of the butter varying week by week, but a scientific process carried out with the utmost care and precision.

We all want grade "A" milk, but how few of us realise all the care which is taken by the new grade "A" milkmaid before we can enjoy that cream-topped bottle with relish. Let us follow her to the dairy and see some of the processes which she carries out so efficiently. . . .

Though mechanical milkers are used a good deal they are by no means general throughout this country, but, needless to say, clean, well-kept hands and overalls are universal. The public little know the trouble the milkmaid takes to see that the milk is clean.

This is how she does it: Test bottles open at both ends hold a pint of milk. On the narrow ends of these are clasped gauze strainers with a small pad of cotton-wool inside. The bottles are then fixed in the stand and filled, the cotton-wool retaining all the dirt and sediment, which is carefully examined.

Lactic acid is an important part of milk, so the dairymaid must test from time to time to see how much of it the milk contains. She does so with an acidemeter. A few drops of phenol phthalein acts as an indicator and makes the milk turn pink as soon as the acid has been neutralised. Caustic soda is also used in this test.

Having dealt with the milk to be sold as milk, the dairymaid turns to her cream. No longer do shallow bowls stand along the shelves, whilst flies buzz about on drowsy summer afternoons, often collecting germs and dust before the skimming took place.

To-day centrifugal force is employed in separating cream from milk, the denser cream collects up the centre of the machine, whilst the milk is splashed to the sides and falls into the lower container.

For the milk which is to be used for butter-making a larger separator is used, frequently run on power, either electric or petrol motor, as the case may be. This is where the maid has to become an engineer—if the engine fails she must know how to put it right.

Only experience taught the old-time "pretty maid" just when the cream was ripe for butter-making, and sometimes her experience failed in its diagnosis.

To-day, after the milk has been run over the water-cooled cooler, it is put into the separator and then the cream is given a "starter." No changes are left to chance to-day, it is all a fine art. The starter is a culture of bacteria and the dairymaid uses pure cultures in her butter-making just as the brewer uses yeast.

A thermometer tests not only the temperature of the milk, but of the dairy. Later an up-to-date electrically run churn does its work, but again the maid must keep watch. In order to maintain her standard of butter she must examine the butter granules as the process nears completion. In summer these must be as large as wheat grains; in winter as small as cabbage seeds.

How butter "comes"

The clear window of the churn tells her when the butter has "come," but her job is not finished then; it has to be "worked"—the modern butter worker looks something like a table wringer.

Too much water means too soft butter. It must be washed to harden it and remove the casein which spoils the keeping qualities.

Then there is dry salting or the better method of brining. If this is not employed scientifically the flavour will be spoilt or the butter made streaky.

Generally she uses annatto as a harmless colouring. If she has any doubts about the qualities of this colouring she tests a sample with a few drops of sulphuric acid, which makes it turn bluish-green. Finally there comes wrapping and packing, all carried out with the same attention to accuracy and detail.

Occasionally it happens that the dairymaid is dissatisfied with the amount of butter obtained from milk off a certain farm. The "pretty maid" of old might have been resigned to this, but not her modern counterpart—instead she tests the butter for the percentage of fat, which if below a certain standard betrays the fact that the cows are being improperly fed.

Instructions for this test, which every dairymaid must know, read like a chemist's prescription, but it gives a good idea of the modern maid's work.

Just picture one of these dairymaids, in her speckless overall, hair carefully "permed" and set, less make-up on her clear skin than on that of her town-bred cousin, but still altogether modern.

The inverted test bottles are in their stands, carefully she adds ten cubic centimetres of sulphuric acid of such a strength that its specific gravity registers 1.820 or 1.825 at 6 degrees Fahrenheit, the slightly stronger acid being better in the winter.

The perfect cheese

Then she adds 11 c.c. of milk that has been carefully sampled and shaken so as to distribute evenly the fat. Next she adds 1 c.c. of amyl alcohol which must have a certain gravity. Finally she inserts rubber stoppers and shakes the bottles.

Rapidly her expert hands put the bottles into the centrifugal machines, so that no heat is lost. After three minutes of rapid rotation the bottles are removed and the clear yellow column of fat which has arisen measured.

The more experienced girls know the method also of making many kinds of cheese. In dairies where much cheese is made, the corner where the dairymaid keeps her tubes of cultures is just like a scientist's laboratory.

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

"My knowledge of these, sir," she says. And truly so, for a perfect cheese always fetches its price.

A final word must be said about her engineering knowledge, for the equipment that she must work in many a moderately sized dairy is to the uninitiated little short of miraculous.

There is a herd recorder for weighing and recording the weight and milk yielded by each cow, a refrigerator, separators, churns, butterworkers, drums for ripening cream, and so on. All these need not only washing but sterilising.

Plants for working these machines are run by motor power. She knows how they all work—a knowledge most people will marvel at if they see them at the National Dairy Show, which opens at Olympia on New Year's Day.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

CINEMA:—"Beneath the screen is a model of an organ complete with a RUMMY organist."

CUMBERLAND NEWS:—"The Friends' MELTING House."

THE YORKSHIRE WEEKLY POST ILLUSTRATED:—"Charles was a typical Yorkshireman, with the Yorkshireman's BOARD shoulders."

LIVERPOOL EVENING EXPRESS:—"A recommendation that a high level foot-BATH be made on the side of the hill."

YORKSHIRE OBSERVER BUDGET:—"He was right in his surmise, and plucked a small automatic from a BOLSTER."

TOTNES TIMES:—"The church bells RAN."

Don't let LEG TROUBLES CRIPPLE *YOU!*

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

"Oh! My poor Legs."

"For years it was misery for me to walk, my legs and insteps would swell and the pain was awful! Finally an ulcer broke out on my ankle and I could not walk or stand except for a few minutes at a time. Then my son advised me to try Elasto and . . ."

How the Leg-Weary Are Being Made Nimble and Active by this Wonderful New Biological Remedy.

LEG pains soon cease when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon become normal, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and commence to heal, rheumatism is quickly relieved, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical;* it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

What Users of Elasto Say—

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Elasto put new life into me."
"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"I had suffered for years with a weak heart but Elasto cured me."
"It put me on my feet."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) are quite gone and my general health is much improved."
"Lumbago cured after 3 years of suffering. Age 66."
"Elasto has saved me pounds."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better." Etc.

There are no substitutes for Elasto! Beware of Imitations!

Get on the RIGHT SIDE *of a Course of* 'ELASTO'

"I can now Walk for Miles."

". . . . after using your remedy I am happy to say I am completely cured and can now walk for miles. I cannot praise Elasto enough, as I thought I would never walk again. Your remedy is truly wonderful."
Mrs. L—— S——

Here is Your Great Opportunity!

FREE

Post Coupon Now! for A generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

Not Magic—Just Logic!

Elasto corrects all Circulatory Disorders because it restores muscular tone to the Heart and contractility to veins and Arteries, making them as healthy and as sound as ever. The tiny tablets dissolve instantly on the tongue and are absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood!

ELASTO Cures Through the Blood!

A Good Circulation the Basis of Health

ELASTO is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that muscular weakness, varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, hardened arteries, heart weakness—to name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation—*are deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.* Owing to this lack the body is unable to build up the elastic tissues needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition, and a state of flabbiness results. Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore contractility to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries, and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health.*

Elasto Will Save You Pounds!

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort, and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming relaxed conditions, increased vitality and bringing into full activity *Nature's own laws of healing.* You will be amazed at the marvellous effectiveness of this pleasant, easy remedy; no fuss, no trouble; just glorious relief. And, remember, *Elasto is not expensive.* For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantage of this modern scientific remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Take Elasto for:—

Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Eczema, Psoriasis, Phlebitis, Thrombosis, Poor Blood, Bad Circulation, Muscular Weakness, Heart Troubles, Swollen Legs, Inflamed Wounds, Gout, Rheumatism, Neuritis, and all those troubles known as bad leg. Piles, Prolapsus, Varicocele, Hardened Arteries (Arterio-Sclerosis), Arthritis, Sciatica, Lumbago and all relaxed conditions; no matter where they occur.

ELASTO, the Pleasant, Handy Remedy

Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets which *dissolve instantly* on the tongue: it is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health.

Simply fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these today—NOW, while you think of it—and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Blood Treatment makes!!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT Co., Ltd.
(Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

COUPON *for Free Trial Sample of Elasto.* ★ (Write JB)

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., Ltd.
(Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, "The Story of Elasto," fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser,* cures through the blood.

NAME .....
(*Please print in Capital Letters.*)

ADDRESS.....

"John Bull," 29/12/34. .....

Don't long for relief—get Elasto and be sure of it!

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

When we eat too much, our food decays in our bowels. Our friends smell this decay coming out of our mouth and call it bad breath. We feel the poison of this decay all over our body. It makes us gloomy and grouchy. It makes us feel no good for anything.

What makes the food decay in the bowels? Well, when we eat too much, our bile juice can't digest it. What is the bile juice? It is the most vital digestive juice in our body. Unless two pints of it are flowing from our liver into our bowels every day, our movements get hard and constipated, and three-quarters of our food decays in our 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over our body every six minutes.

When our friends smell our bad breath (but we don't) and we feel like a whipped tomcat, don't use a mouthwash or take a laxative. Get at the cause. Take Carters Little Liver Pills which gently start the flow of your bile juice. But if "something better" is offered you, don't buy it, for it may be a calomel (mercury) pill, which loosens teeth, gripes and scalds the rectum in many people. Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for — 1/3 and 3/-.

Take Elasto Regd. and Be Rid of LEG TROUBLE

*Turn to Page 27 and fill in the Coupon for Free Sample and Booklet.

HEART TROUBLE

PRESCRIPTION THAT WILL GIVE YOUR HEART A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. Shadforth Tonic No. 632 (known as "Blue Lion Fox Nuts") will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down condition, and stops that falling to pieces feeling.

Ask for Shadforth Prescription Tonic No. 632.

Prices: 1/6 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 13/- (432).

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

Quick Relief and Comfort.

Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Gout, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up at nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the Shadforth "Bladder Comforter." Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry. Shadforth will give you prompt relief.

Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 285.

Prices: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300).

Here are further well-known SHADFORTH Prescriptions largely prescribed and used at this season of the year:—

"WHITE LIONS" or Stomach Tablets (No. 1077) cure Acidity, Gastritis, Stomach Pains and Digestive Disorders. Prices: 1/4 (72), 2/6 (144).

"BRAIN SPARKLERS" or Neurasthenia Tablets (No. 470), the mighty modern tonic for brain and nerves. Prices: 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100).

REDUCE YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE with the Shadforth complete three-fold Treatment (No. 1108). It gives prompt relief and reduces the risk of a "stroke." Prices: 2/6 and 5/6.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites and the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order, or you can obtain privately packed and post free at these prices from:—

SHADFORTH
PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD.
Dispensing Chemists
(Dept. J.B.X), 69, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Safe on the SEA'S Roads

Lowering a "sign-post of the sea" in the English Channel

—and this is why..

FAR out to sea extend the paths along which ships may ride in safety to their ports. The limits of these channels are invisible, but fraught with danger—rocks, shallows, sand-banks—below the water's surface.

Yet the ships travel confidently on, for their way is marked by sign-posts which never fail, night and day, in all weathers—the buoys, which have been called the lamp-posts of the sea.

To preserve this essential service a host of seamen, ships and skilled artisans are in continual employment. For upon the efficacy of the buoys, as channel markers, depend countless human lives and precious cargoes. Those who, holidaying on an excursion steamer, have seen these vari-coloured floating sign-posts, may have wondered how their position and effectiveness are controlled.

They are under constant supervision. Let a buoy become damaged or go adrift, and within a very short time the authorities hear of it, by wireless—reported by a passing vessel. And immediately instructions are issued to one of the special steamers, maintained for the purpose, to proceed with all speed to instal a new buoy in its place, repair the damage, or capture the drifting one.

The men who work on these tenders are engaged only in this work or in tending lightships. The London tenders, for example, leave dock every Monday, to return on Friday. On Saturday they reload, in readiness for next Monday's departure. And, at the depot—the buoys' hospital—there are labourers and mechanics whose job it is to repair and tend the buoys.

There are various kinds of buoys, and each kind has a definite meaning: every ship's master, officer and pilot must understand the language of the buoys.

There are, for example, the conical buoys, the "can" buoys—with a flat top—the spherical buoys and the "lighter" buoys with cage-like superstructures. And of these varieties, there are numerous sub-varieties.

Whistle-buoys, also, which pipe mournfully, with the rise and fall of the sea. As far out to sea as thirty miles from England's coast, the buoys may ride, and, when they need attention, their tenders must go out to them.

* * *

Going towards the shore, for example, with the inward flow of the stream, the buoys on the right-hand side will be conical buoys; those on the left "cans." Spherical buoys mark the ends of middle grounds—a sand-bank, for instance, will have a spherical buoy at each end. But besides this, the sphere on the outer end will sport a diamond, and that on the inner end, a triangle.

And so on, the roads of the sea are marked with this language of the buoys, which appears complex to the landlubber, but is plain to the seafarer.

They are anchored by "sinkers," huge flat ovals of iron, weighing from 10 cwt. to 3 tons, according to the size of the buoy, to which the buoys are attached by chain cable, strong enough to withstand the terrific pull of the seas.

The men whose job it is to tend the buoys bring them in at regular intervals for overhauling. Small buoys come in once a year; the larger ones once every three years—one-third of them annually.

Obviously, when a buoy is brought in for its annual or triennial toilet, it must be instantly replaced. The tender which brings it in also takes out the substitute—all bright and shining with red or black-and-white paint. A strong derrick on the tender lifts the unshackled "dirty" buoy aboard. Then the "clean" buoy is shackled to the chain and lowered into place.

* * *

Sometimes the chain and sinker must also be raised, in which case a "mark" buoy is dropped to show where the new buoy must be placed. No chances can be taken with the shifting surface of the sea.

A tender may drop a score of clean buoys, and bring a score of dirty ones back. Then, at the depot, they are scraped, chipped, new plates riveted in, if necessary, and painted.

The depot is the hospital and beauty parlour for buoys whose turn it is to be renewed, or for those which have come to grief, perhaps by being run down.

At the depot, the mussels and cockles and barnacles are scraped from the buoy. When ready, it receives five coats of paint. The men who scrape and paint it are "lightsmen"—seamen of the lightship crews, who spend two months on board the lightship and one month at the depot.

At the depot you will find a chain shop—where the sturdy chains which attach the buoy to its sinker are tested—a paint shop, a fitting shop, a carpenter shop, and other departments.

* * *

Light buoys need considerable attention. They are lit by gas, and the tenders must take out new supplies of gas to them at regular intervals.

The London depot, at Trinity Wharf—which supplies ninety-four lighted buoys between Dungeness and Southwold—has its own gas-making plant. Giant cylinders of oil gas are carried on the tender, from which the gas is fed to the buoy.

Lamps, too, must be rigorously inspected and tended. There is a special department at the depot, where you can see the lamps being tested upon a bench before being fitted to the buoys. The lights flash on and off, rhythmically—there is the "double flash," the "single flash" and the "quick flasher."

Buoys are sensitive—especially light buoys. Not long ago a report came in that the lamp of a certain buoy was not functioning. Immediately the tender went out. The light was examined. When opened up it was found to contain a swarm of wasps! On another occasion bees put the light out.

All through the year, the tenders go out, week by week; and all through the year the depots work, up and down the coasts of Britain, to keep the buoys in sound working order, and well placed.

The passing in safety of thousands of vessels annually, in Britain's coastal waters, making their way by means of the buoy-marked channels, is sufficient and telling testimonial to the splendid service rendered by the men whose job it is to tend the buoys which mark a myriad winding waterways.

"The Greatest of These"

The Tragedy of Ten

THESE three-year-old twins, Hamish and Jean, have a baby sister some eight months old, and five older sisters whose ages range from fourteen to seven years.

Their dad died last October from tuberculosis, the result of being gassed in the war. He had been an invalid for three years, and his sufferings were intense.

His widow, who nursed her husband with infinite care and patience, is now left to support herself and eight young children on forty-five shillings a week.

Her condition is pitiful in the extreme. She is threatened with a serious illness; her twins have had pneumonia, and Hamish, her only son, is in the same hospital where his brave dad died.

Then, her eight months' old baby has developed congestion, and her eldest girl, the only one old enough to start work, is waiting for a vacant hospital bed.

A week after her husband was buried her furniture was taken away, as the instalments could not be met. Because her rent is over a month in arrears, she has been served with a summons.

This family is most deserving of help; and, even if our readers' purses have grown thin after defraying Christmas expenses, we plead on behalf of this mother and her eight wee bairns that they will still find donations to send earmarked "Hamish," to save his home.

Hamish and Jean

1934, like little Hamish, is *in extremis*, but there is still time for our readers to make the last deed of the dying year one of sweet sacrifice for so sad a case.

All donations intended for HAMISH, or the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the Office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Remarkable HEALTH OFFER Backed by GUARANTEE

Mr. Allan Cooper, the discoverer of the way to banish Catarrh, Head Noises, Catarrhal Deafness, Colds, Coughs, Headaches, and Dizziness, whose Outstanding Offer of Free Information and Guarantee of Success or No Cost forms one of the most remarkable offers ever Publicly Made.

I WILL END YOUR CATARRH HEAD NOISES CATARRHAL DEAFNESS

or It Shall NOT Cost YOU a 1D.

HAVING DONE THIS FOR MYSELF AND MORE THAN 100,000 OTHER SUFFERERS, I CAN CERTAINLY DO THE SAME FOR YOU.

Write to Me to-day on Form Below and I will tell you what to do . . **FREE**

I WAS a terrible sufferer from catarrh for several years and tried everything I could hear about, sometimes without any success, sometimes obtaining a little temporary relief. The real banishment of my trouble, however, always seemed as far away as ever.

At length I started seriously experimenting for myself, and whether by skill or good luck I will not attempt to say, but I did definitely rid myself of this trying, unpleasant and persistent ailment.

SOMETHING NEW—DIFFERENT—SUCCESSFUL

The only way to banish your Catarrh is to do what I did, treat the cause and the effect at the same time. Unless you clear the mucous membranes of the colon and the intestines of the Catarrh germs you will never be rid of Catarrh and it will get worse till your life is an absolute misery. That is why my treatment, which is the original, combined method of eradicating Catarrh, has been so completely successful in over 100,000 cases throughout the Empire. It clears the colon, the intestines and the head gently, effectively and completely.

Under its influence the CAUSE of hawking, spitting, sneezing, nose-blowing, heartburn, head noises, nausea, dizziness, partial deafness and headaches is quickly and permanently corrected. No need to wait and pay out a lot of money. You can stop your Catarrh suffering OVERNIGHT, and clear the system completely in a few weeks.

The information I shall send you free explains how Nasal Catarrh originates—how nostril and mouth breathing is affected. How the germs invade the organs of hearing. Why Indigestion, Flatulence, Heartburn, and Constipation so frequently follow this already distressing trouble.

And most important of all—I shall show you how you can surely, speedily and without inconvenience end your Catarrhal trouble once and for all.

This season of the year is best suited to tackle the annoying and unpleasant condition of Catarrh. Unless you take steps now, the cold, wet weather will find you suffering even worse than last winter. Let me explain my simple treatment to you.

Write now on the convenient coupon provided. There is nothing to pay—nothing to promise.

Allan Cooper

I have just got room to print this guaranteed genuine letter of appreciation. I have picked it haphazard from many hundreds I hold at my offices, and reproduced in full the writer's own heartfelt words. It should encourage you to look forward to a happier and brighter future for yourself.

YOUR METHOD IS THE RIGHT ONE

"I have nearly finished the Treatment you sent me and it has done me a great deal of good. My head pains have gone—the awful noises are lessening, and my hearing has slightly improved, which I consider is wonderful considering how long I have suffered from Catarrh. I've tried most treatments, but they did me no good. But now I feel sure that your method is the right one, and I shall recommend it wherever I can."

(Signed) *M. Broughton.*

SIGN and POST THIS COUPON

Mr. ALLAN COOPER, 60, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Without cost or obligation, kindly tell me how I can permanently rid myself of Catarrh and Head Noises.

NAME .....

(*Please print in block letters.*)

ADDRESS.....

NOTE.—You may if you wish send a 1½d. stamp to cover postage of my reply, but even this is not essential. *John Bull* 29/12/34

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This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change. A trial will convince you that this is positively the world's best remedy for indigestion.

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LIFE A BURDEN FROM INDIGESTION.

Here is a letter of the utmost interest to all sufferers from stomach trouble in any form.

It is the experience of a man whose life was a burden because of the terrible internal pains which followed gastric influenza, but who finally found complete relief through Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. It is the story of Mr. J. H. S. Smith, of Chestnut Grove, Ealing. He writes:

"Early this year I had gastric influenza, which left me with chronic indigestion, which embodied terrible internal pains with palpitation and constipation. For several months life was a burden; nothing gave me relief until a neighbour recommended Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. After taking it for two days the internal pains became less acute, and in a fortnight everything was quite normal with me. I can now eat anything without the least qualm."

And if you suffer from stomach trouble of any sort remember that you can get just the same relief as Mr. Smith, but be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons of Powder or Tablets.

for HOARSENESS

Ingredients of Vick brand Vapour-Rub in the form of a sweet.

6d VICK LOZENGES

How to Cure CATARRH . . .

. . . See page 29.

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What 1934 has Taught Me

ALL went well with my housekeeping until I discovered the supposed advantages of having weekly accounts. It was then so easy to miss paying a bill one week, and buy those long-wanted extras, always with the idea that next week I would economise and pay the two weeks' account.

But each week brings its own unexpected expenses, the debit balances grow larger, until now I face Christmas with money owing to all my tradesmen.

The best lesson 1934 has taught me is: Pay for all necessities you have had, and if there is no money left for luxuries go without them.—*"Anxious," Surrey.*

Caught

"Never be too sure, my boy," said my manager the first day I entered the bank. I remembered it. The years rolled by, but never once was I caught napping with a "dud 'un."

Ten, twenty, thirty years passed. Never did I falter, but once, and that was a few weeks ago. A well-known client entered and tendered a cheque. I hadn't my glasses—I had broken them only that morning. Still, I knew the client, knew him so well.

An hour later we discovered the cheque to be a forgery. "Never be too sure. . . ." That will ring for all the years to come!—*"Cashier," Glam.*

Still There, but . . .

We started work together in the "Walk-round" store. Both worked near the door, and I grumbled: "Cold, draughts, nothing to see outside when business was slack, customers hard to satisfy."

My friend was gay. "I like the fresh air, it's a most interesting position!" she said.

She's been promoted. I'm still next to the door, but I've had my lesson. Maybe next year will see me handling a bigger pay-envelope. At least I've been complimented on progress, which is an assurance that I've not been overlooked.—*"Selo," Midlands.*

Pay Up!

1934 has taught me to pay rates and taxes gladly. During this year my eyes have been opened. I've seen the miracle of infants' welfare centre; organisation between my rubbish-bin and the central incinerator; the joy and pathos of the Old Age Pension counter. I've been taught a few things about road-making; I understand more fully the policeman is both guardian and guide.

Once I paid dues grudgingly. Now I know I'm getting value for money, and, incidentally, helping to run the biggest business on earth—the Empire.—*T. P., Dunton Green.*

A Great Debt

All my life the dread of being in hospital had haunted me, until one day this year I was told I had to undergo an operation.

Now all my fear has gone. Three weeks in a hospital ward taught me a lot that I had not realised before.

I saw what a tremendous amount of love and patience doctors and nurses expend on the patients under their care. How do they manage that never-failing cheerfulness?

Certainly 1934 has taught me the great debt we all of us owe to our hospitals.—R. R., Handsworth.

Be Generous

At the beginning of this year I made a resolution to save every penny I could.

I started well. At the end of March I had, by stinting myself of books, theatres and periodicals, saved over £3. The mania for saving gripped me; I even refused my friends a loan. I argued that if I could save, so could they.

I know now that saving can be a miserable business. I have already lost two good friends through my stinginess, but I'm not risking losing any more. My next year's resolution will be to avoid being a "Scrooge."—*"Penny Wise," Wylde Green.*

The Secret

To give, rather than to expect. The world is peopled with numerous grabbers, folk after something for nothing, and often at the expense of another's loss.

But the secret of happiness lies in giving service without hope of return in material consideration.

Sickness at home, worry over work and the need to share in extra duties have made 1934 a year of strain to me, but I have never found enjoyment elsewhere quite so plentiful and thrilling as in helping others to plod along life's highway.—*Miss M. W., Southall.*

They're Wrong

People are fond of quoting "Man's inhumanity to man," but 1934 has taught me that they are quite wrong.

As secretary of a boys' club in a very poor district, I am continually getting pleasant surprises from people who are willing to entertain them in various ways, organise games, give money, books and other useful gifts.

Beyond my own and the lads' gratitude they have no reward but the satisfaction of doing a kind deed willingly.—*F. P., N.4.*

Don't Put Off!

"Let it go another year," I said last March, when my wife suggested we have exterior of house painted.

Now, faced with a big bill for repairs to rotten woodwork, as well as a painter's account, I realise economy carried to excess is a sorry business.

I'm wiser now.

I know that money spent to keep one's property in good condition, and, incidentally, providing food for some poor workman's children, is a better investment than dropping every penny into a well-decorated savings bank.—*"Tim," Sunderland.*

A Better Ending

I learned the truth of the old saying "A trouble shared is a trouble halved."

Some weeks ago my outlook on life was far from rosy. I kept all my troubles to myself; just felt that nobody cared. I had even gone so far as to wish that my child and myself were sleeping beside the daddy we lost some years ago.

Suddenly I remembered "Humanist." . . . His kindly letter has done much to cheer me, whilst the advice he gave has been the means of making 1934's close so much brighter than its beginning.—*Grateful, near Hull.*

Water—at a Price

1934 has taught us that a cottage, three acres and a cow are not enough—without water.

The villagers were long ago offered an abundant water supply at a nominal cost. Depending on our wells, we refused to pay. Summer advanced, the "drought" increased, the wells dried up; for the first time in our lives we realised what it meant to be thirsty.

Finally the milk yield became negligible; while blight and sickness were rampant. For our penny-wise attitude we have paid dearly.—*N. A., West Country.*

"Wait and See"

When the year started I was a bit "hot-headed" and inclined to "go the pace" from first impressions. I thereby often landed myself in many tight corners, from which only common-sense rescued me.

But later, through watching carefully things around me and adopting that famous saying, "Wait and see," I learnt that before acting on impulse in any matter it is really better to wait and see before making any vital decision that may affect one's life—and the lives of those who depend on one.—*"Thoughtful," Stoke-on-Trent.*

* * *

Facing—as 1934 is slipping away—a situation demanding tremendous tact, I realise that the best lesson 1934 has taught me is to see an opportunity in every difficulty and not a difficulty in every opportunity.—*W. R. E., Login, S.O.*

It taught me that, to get the best out of life, I must put only the best in.—*E. D., Blackburn.*

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post TUESDAY, January 1.

The Miracle I'd Like to Work

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches Played on December 29

FIRST DIVISION.

**(1) GRIMSBY v. Preston.
(2) HUDDERSFIELD v. Sunderland.
(3) MANCHESTER U. v. W.B. Albion.
*(4) MIDDLESBRO' v. Leeds.
(5) STOKE v. Wednesday.
(6) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Leicester.
(7) ARSENAL v. Portsmouth.
(8) VILLA v. Birmingham.
(9) Blackburn v. Liverpool.
(10) Chelsea v. DERBY.
*(11) EVERTON v. Hotspur.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) PLYMOUTH v. Fulham.
(2) SHEFFIELD U. v. Port Vale.
(3) SOUTHAMPTON v. Burnley.
**(4) WEST HAM v. Hull.
(5) Barnsley v. Bradford.
(6) BLACKPOOL v. Bury.
**(7) BOLTON v. Oldham.
(8) Bradford C. v. Manchester U.
(9) NEWCASTLE v. Forest.
(10) Norwich v. BRENTFORD.
(11) NOTTS COUNTY v. Swansea.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) NEWPORT v. Exeter.
(2) Northampton v. COVENTRY.
(3) Q.P. Rangers v. Swindon.
**(4) READING v. Orient.
(5) Southend v. Luton.
(6) TORQUAY v. Gillingham.
(7) WATFORD v. Bristol C.
(8) BOSCOMBE v. Millwall.
(9) Brist.. R. v. BRIGHTON.
*(10) CHARLTON v. Cardiff.
**(11) C. PALACE v. Aldershot.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) Hartlepools v. Walsall.
(2) Mansfield v. Halifax.
(3) N. BRIGHTON v. Accrington.
(4) Rochdale v. LINCOLN.
(5) Southport v. STOCKPORT.
(6) YORK v. Darlington.
(7) Barrow v. Wrexham.
(8) Carlisle v. TRANMERE.
**(9) CHESTER v. Gateshead.
*(10) CHESTERFIELD v. Rotherham.
(11) DONCASTER v. Crewe.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) HIBERNIAN v. Kilmarnock.
(2) MOTHERWELL v. Rangers.
(3) Partick v. Albion.
*(4) ST. MIRREN v. Queen's Park.
(5) Airdrie v. St. Johnstone.
(6) Ayr v. HAMILTON.
(7) Celtic v HEARTS.
*(8) DUNDEE v. Queen of South.
(9) Dunfermline v. CLYDE.
(10) Falkirk v. ABERDEEN.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—10 (*A*); Div. II.—7 (*H*); Southern Section—11 (*H*); Northern Section—9 (*H*); Scottish League—6 (*A*); would indicate Derby, Bolton, C. Palace, Chester and Hamilton.

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WEAR BOLENIUM OVERALLS and work in comfort. British made—by the overall pioneers. Ask your outfitter or write for name of nearest stockist to Bolenium Overalls, Dept. 1, Boleyn Castle, Upton Park, London, E.13.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE'S 1935 Catalogue & Gardening Guide, 152 pages, 279 illustrations. Free to all readers if this paper is mentioned.—Dobbie & Co., Ltd., The King's Seedsmen, Edinburgh.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS from 42/-, 7/- monthly. Banjos, Guitars, Drums, Trumpets, all Accessories, etc. 1935 48-p. cat. free.—Terms, RAYMOND, J.B., 5, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.4.

PIANO PLAYING is again becoming popular. Learn by post and be able to read at sight and play any standard musical notation. No knowledge of music needed, no freakish methods, only original, fascinating lessons, which will quickly make you a pianist welcomed wherever you go. My free book, "Mind, Muscle and Keyboard" explains all. It's free if you just mention *John Bull*.—Mr. H. Becker (Dept. 81B), 69, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

DOUBLE your radio enjoyment by adding a STENTORIAN Permanent Magnet Moving-Coil. Remarkable increase in volume and new vivid realism. Write for special free leaflet describing this wonderful adjustment to Whiteley Electrical Radio Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.34), Radio Works, Mansfield, Notts.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS. — Don't waste money on cheap quack remedies. Send for free book on the cure of Self-consciousness.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.12), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

VICK BRAND VAPOUR RUB is just rubbed on the throat and chest and its medicated vapours, released by the body warmth, are inhaled direct to the air passages. At the same time it goes through the skin like an old-fashioned poultice. Ideal for children's colds, because it avoids "dosing." VICK is equally good for grown-ups. At all chemists—trial jar 1/3; double quantity 2/-.

WHEN your throat becomes dry and parched through constant smoking refresh it with ALLENBURY'S PASTILLES. Try a tin to-day.

PHENSIC is now recognised by doctors, nurses, hospitals and chemists as a certain remedy for Influenza. The wonderful formula was discovered by a famous London Physician and it proved so successful in breaking up the most severe attacks of Influenza, reducing high temperature and preventing all serious complications, that it is now offered to the general public. PHENSIC can be obtained in 3d. and 6d. sizes and is therefore within the reach of every household. Be prepared against Influenza, Colds, Headaches, Nerve Pains, Rheumatism, etc., by seeing that your home is not without PHENSIC.

A FREE offer to all sufferers from Leg Troubles. Fill in the coupon on page 25 for a free sample and special free book fully explaining ELASTO, the new biological remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, will be gladly sent post free to readers who send the coupon. Don't overlook this generous offer, which is too good to be missed. Turn to page 27 now!

FILL in the coupon in the ALLAN COOPER announcement and learn how, without cost or obligation, you can rid yourself of catarrh, head noises and catarrhal deafness. This season of the year is best suited to tackling the annoying and distressing condition arising from these complaints. Get all particulars of this simple treatment free. Turn to page 29 now!

MODERN mothers, safeguard your health! Thousands of women have maintained their health and strength during the crucial maternity period by wearing a SPENCER Maternity Belt, individually designed for the wearer to relieve back strain, headache and nausea and to give complete comfort and support. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon, for Maternity Booklet and name and address of nearest local Corsetiere. SPENCER CORSETS are individually designed foundation garments and surgical supports.

FREE! Send a P.C. for a liberal free trial bottle of D.D.D. Brand Lotion. There is nothing to equal this for a natural spotless complexion. It cleanses the skin and cures all skin troubles.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to D.D.D. Laboratories, M.N.15, Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

COLD—fog and rain spell ills and chills—colds, 'flu—feverishness and sore throats for the bulk of humanity at this time of the year. How to prevent these complaints or banish them quickly if present is a problem most people have to face. So the mention of "ASPRO" is a seasonable reminder; for "ASPRO" smashes 'flu or a feverish cold attack in one night. Used as a gargle, it banishes sore throats. Furthermore, it reduces feverishness with its attendant weakness and depression in a few minutes. Two "ASPRO" tablets and a hot lemon drink are now famed throughout the world as one of the greatest antidotes for ills and chills. As "ASPRO" harms neither the heart nor the digestion it can be taken, according to directions, by people of all ages. It is truly a friend in need. The obvious suggestion, therefore, is to keep "ASPRO" handy and keep ills and chills away.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return.—Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NAIL-BITING. A real cure at last! Free booklet, sent privately for 1½d. stamp, explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Filtex, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

START A MAIL ORDER BUSINESS and make big profits. Enterprising Traders and others should send for free folder, "How to Start a Mail Order Business," fully describing the Hand system of mail order selling. A copy will be sent post free and without obligation if you write to Chas. Hand, 136, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2. Mention *John Bull* and enclose 1½d. stamp.

FREE: If you would like to try a sample bottle of WINCARNIS—a pure delicious wine reinforced with the energising vitamins, the nerve-building and tonic properties of malt and beef extracts, simply send 4½d. in stamps (for postage, etc.) to Coleman & Co., Ltd., Dept. 108, Wincarnis Works, Norwich. For over half a century doctors have endorsed WINCARNIS as an infallible remedy for undernourished systems. This delicious tonic wine stimulates and sustains as nothing else can. If you are run down, or if you have been ill start taking WINCARNIS to-day. The first step—send for a generous free sample and mention *John Bull* when writing. This offer appears in the special announcement on the Front Cover.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP is the only toilet soap to receive the Blue Seal of Merit awarded by the Institute of Hygiene. If you want a good soap—a fine pure soap, buy WRIGHT'S! Avoid cheap imitations. Look for the maroon and yellow packet with the new larger size tablet at the same 6d. price.

DON'T forget to give him some PLAYER'S DIGGER TOBACCO, which is always so popular with smokers. It can be obtained in flake mixture or shag in ¼ lb. tins at the economical price of 2/8. PLAYER'S DIGGER is the most successful tobacco made from Empire Leaf.

SCIENCE says ALL-BRAN provides "bulk" to exercise the intestines and vitamin B to further aid regular habits. In addition, ALL-BRAN is rich in blood-building iron. KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN is therefore far more healthful in the relief of constipation than using drugs, which are often habit-forming. Just eat two tablespoonfuls daily. In serious cases, with each meal. Make sure you see the name KELLOGG on every packet. Sold at all Grocers.

A FREE sample of CREMMA Dog Cakes will be sent on application to John Wright (London), Ltd. (Dept. J.B.5), 100, Bermondsey Wall, E.E.16. Your doggie will like them and thrive on them!

FREE.—Write to Dept. 67/16, Euthymol, 50, Beak Street, London, W.1, and you will receive a free 7-day sample tube of Euthymol Tooth Paste, which makes your teeth pearly white and kills dental decay germs in 30 seconds.

FREE.—Send your name and address, and that of your confectioner, for a free sample of each of the seven varieties of Riley's Assorted Toffee Rolls. Simply send a postcard to Riley Bros., Ltd., Halifax, mentioning *John Bull*. Note: No sample can be sent unless you send your Confectioner's name.

A FREE booklet every woman should read—"Here's Good Health" explains in an interesting and convincing way why de Kuyper's Hollands Gin is advised by many medical men. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, for a copy, which will be sent post free, to John de Kuyper & Son, 14, Trinity Square, London, E.C.3.

A FULL list of gifts offered by the makers of Allinson's Windmill Oats will be sent to all who write to Allinsons, 210, Cambridge Rd., Ldn., E.2.

ALL children will be able to "Come on the telephone" now—but the telephones will only be chocolate ones! These chocolate telephones, which are replicas of the latest Post Office design, complete with hand microphone receivers and numbering dials, are included in the range of Christmas novelties produced by Messrs. Rowntree & Co., Ltd., the well-known cocoa and chocolate manufacturers of York. There are many delightful novelties for the grown-ups, too—tea cosies, shopping bags, dainty tea sets, oak cigarette jars, work baskets, Carlton ware coffee jugs—to mention only a few of them. Each of these charming and useful novelties is packed with delicious Rowntree Chocolates. The range of Rowntree's fancy chocolate boxes for this year is the best the firm has ever produced, and is designed to appeal to every taste and every pocket.

USE YOUR XMAS LEISURE . . .

to win a Fine Prize and Bonus

"JOHN BULL'S" BIGGER NEW X-WORD PENSION & FORTUNE

£6 MONTHLY FOR LIFE and £600

Or one huge lump sum of £850 cash

£100 *between all Runners-up.*

BONUS AWARD *of a Giant* **NEW YEAR HAMPER** *added to each Prize of £1 or over in this contest*

BONUS AWARD *value* **£2**

X-word Season Ticket— to every Runner-up from whom we receive two 6d entries in same envelope

A £600 fortune in January, 1935, with £6 Monthly for Life to follow—that is the recently increased double reward which you can win for solving the sparkling puzzle before you on this page.

In this Contest too, there is £100 to be divided between Runners-up—and more of those valuable Crossword Season Tickets are also waiting to be won as announced. Extra Bonuses are also offered with all prizes of £1 or more—fine New Year Hampers, each containing a succulent Fowl and nine other luxuries.

If you filled up squares for our 288th puzzle last week, have another glance through the Clues to-day. Second thoughts are not always best, but one may well give you a new and better outlook on a Clue; your extra ten minutes on the puzzle this week, therefore, might make all the difference between failure and a giant Fortune-plus-Pension prize.

Finally, bear in mind that unless your squares reach us by noon, Thursday, January 3, you cannot be amongst the winners.

JOHN BULL will pay a Life Pension of £6 a month and £600 (or a lump sum of £850) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of a Season Ticket providing 30 Free Entries to our Crossword Contest will be awarded to every Runner-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in the same envelope. To the winner of any cash prize of £1 or over a GIANT NEW YEAR HAMPER will be sent. Solution of puzzle will be published in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, January 10, 1935, and winner in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, January 17, 1935.

Solution of X-Word No. 286.

Owing to early publication of this issue, X-word No. 286 result is unavoidably held over until next week's "John Bull" in which solution of X-word No. 287 will also appear.

WIN LIFE PENSION AND £600 WITH SQUARES BELOW!

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 288—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JAN. 3, 1935

J B 288

J B 288

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No. .....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED .....

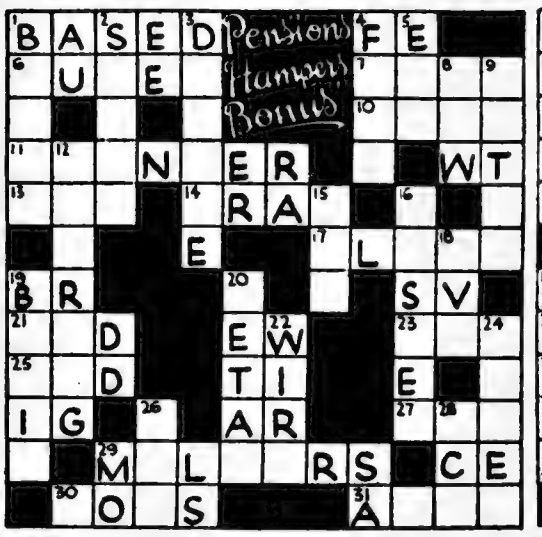
ADDRESS .....

.....

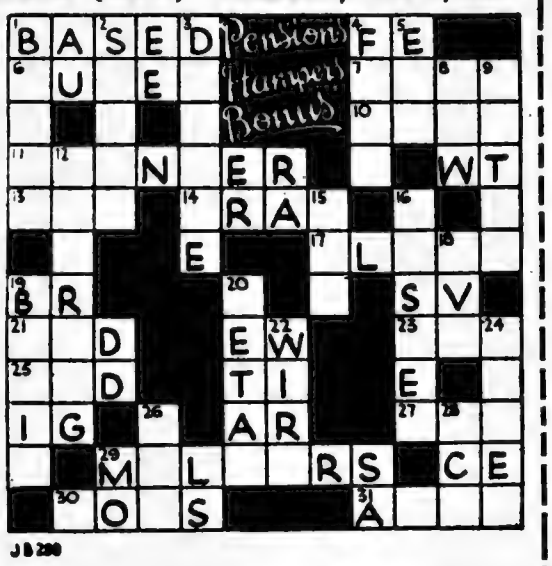
CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No 288—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JAN. 3, 1935



J B 288



J B 288

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No. .....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ENTRY FEE.
With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. Extra entries at same rate. See rule 1.

ADDRESS ENTRY THUS:
"John Bull" Crossword No. 288, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2
(Comp.)

JOHN BULL'S 1935 X-WORD SURPRISE NEXT WEEK!

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED—ALL ENTRIES EXAMINED

Free Help for X-Word Entrants.

Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address: Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, or register for 12 weeks' supply on Coupon on "Bullets" page.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Founded
6. Opposite of "inner"
7. Youths
10. Keep out of a prohibited one
11. Usually accompanies lightning
13. Series of games at tennis
14. What greedy people do
17. Foreigner
21. We're always glad to be this of a cold
23. Cut out coal
25. Most common conjunction
27. How boss is usually addressed
29. They grind corn
30. Good gardener destroys weeds wherever he does this
31. War's dangers increase through these

DOWN

1. People often forget to make these fast
2. Wood supports heavy weights when it is this
3. Work is done untiringly by
4. Is often seen at top of building
5. Some play piano by this
8. Early morning moisture
9. Tempts some women in shops
12. Is sought by fishermen
15. Some pack up their troubles in this
16. Good ones are associated with Christmas
18. Lived in the Garden of Eden
19. Dressmaker uses this to advantage
20. Sun intensifies its brightness
22. Another word for telegram
24. Hardware shop stocks variety of these
26. Is not much use when it becomes spotted
28. Frost produces it

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. Increase P.O. by 6d. for each additional two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed to reach us not later than NOON Thursday, January 3, 1935.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page plus TWO from this week's "Gazette."

Each entrant may also submit four such entry forms from last week's announcements.

Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

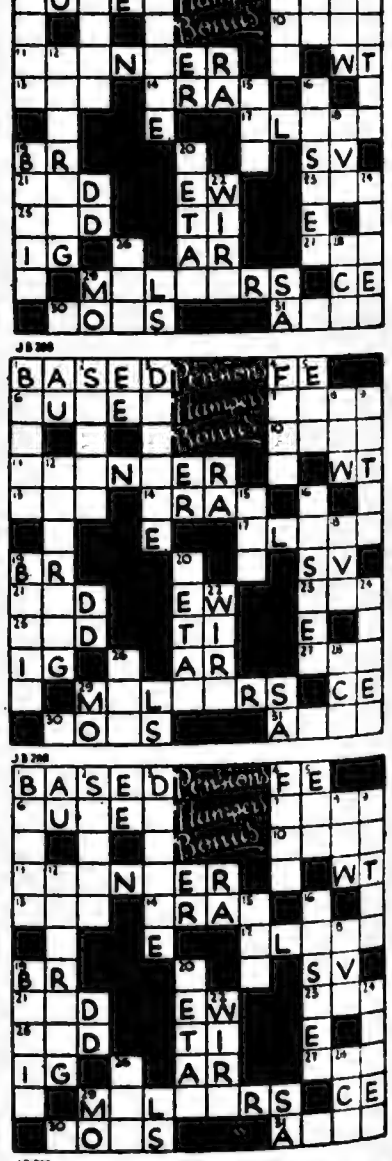
3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 17, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, January 29, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £850 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.



J B 288

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

The KID

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

Headmaster (Newhaven)—"I have heard many schoolboy howlers in my time." No doubt you were responsible for some of them.

SAMSON (Chelsea).—"I herewith send you my story, 'The Boomerang.'" It's coming back to you.

J. K. (Hatfield).—"I decided to finish with skating when the ice broke under me." You were through with it?

GARDENER (Knutsford).—"Your fruit trees may be pruned at the end of this month." They may be, but we doubt it.

AMBITIOUS (Wigan).—"After years of marking-time, I have just put in for promotion." Anxious to take a step forward.

C. M. (Nottingham).—"Can you please tell me who keeps in touch with football games?" A linesman.

S. P. (Ross).—"I saw a country yokel seated on a railway track reading a letter." He was reading between the lines.

A. H. (Cardiff).—"My uncle didn't exactly cheer, I can tell you, when he sat on a needle." He evidently didn't see the point.

G. A. (Clarkston).—"Have you heard of cases where money is made by spreading false reports?" No, but if it's true it's a case of rumour gaining currency.

G. J. (Leeds).—"Have you heard that a well-known Society lady is to open a public drinking-fountain on January 1?" She's starting the New Year well.

L. D. S. (Bolton).—"You say every job has its advantages. What about a dentist's?" Isn't he the only man who can get his own back on the tax-collector?

F. M. (Barnet).—"If you could make vegetables grow in any shape you liked, what would you change first?" We'd perfect a square green pea.

A. Y. (Brixton).—"Besides being very inhumane, a bull-fight is a definite gamble." With the bull always eager to toss for it!

MOTHER (Stratford).—"After I got the boy out of the canal I asked him how he came to fall in." And he told you he didn't; he came to fish.

E. K. (Wimbledon).—"I think the complexion of the average English girl has gone to pot." On the contrary, that's where it comes from.

OPTICIAN (Staines).—"Because I want to adopt new methods my business partner says he will leave me." You evidently don't see eye to eye.

MISS S. (Leeds).—"My job is dispatching accounts for an advertisement hoarding proprietor." So you're a bill-poster's bill-poster?

L. R. (Slough).—"My friend says he learned German in a week and I can't understand it." Nor can the Germans, we imagine.

A. W. (Farnworth).—"A friend of mine was given the sack the moment he arrived at his new job. Don't you think it unfair?" But perhaps he was a postman.

J. B. (Macclesfield).—"Does anybody ever listen to the fat-stock prices on the wireless?" Well, we are much keener on fat-stock slices!

ANNOYED (Balham).—"I tried at fifteen different greengrocers to get some lemons after eight o'clock one night, but they wouldn't serve me." Your efforts were fruitless.

BORED (Brixton).—"The public man who is bold enough to advocate the abolition of votes of thanks will be deserving of a statue." But will be satisfied, perhaps, with a vote of thanks.

CHORUS GIRL (West End).—"Because the producer says my feet must look neat, I have to dance every night in a '3' instead of a '5.'" We shouldn't like to be in your shoes.

J. B. (Bradford).—"Why is it that when an actor on the stage has to portray deep emotion he always clutches his head, while an actress clutches her heart?" It may be that each feels it most in the weakest part.

HYGIENE (Tonbridge).—"There is one drawback to casement windows." The curtains?

F. L. (Atherstone).—"Who can help getting a joyous thrill on seeing the hounds in full swing?" The fox.

H. K. (Edgware).—"I am learning to play a concertina my father had as a boy." An old wheeze.

A. W. (Ealing).—"When a gas-stove exploded near here the domestic cat bolted and has not been seen since." It must have been frightened out of its lives.

BEN (Lewisham).—"I think you agree that my girl's parents are sports. They have just had the telephone installed for her." To induce you to give her a ring?

F. D. (London, E.).—"Over a hundred tins of snuff were stolen from my warehouse during the night." It was pinched before its time?

DISCIPLINE (Oxford).—"Although I had given my son a dressing down about late hours, he didn't come in until 2 a.m. the next morning." He made you sit up in turn.

CLERK (Surbiton).—"When I went into a branch bank I thought it rather bad to smell the cashier's dinner being cooked." He probably thought it smelt good.

HAZY (Wembley).—"It is terribly difficult on foggy nights to distinguish one's own house, especially in a road where the houses are alike." We suggest you have a nameplate in Braille!

DENTIST (Macclesfield).—"What do you think of my new instrument for grinding teeth. I invented it myself." Quite unnecessary. You need only to hand the patient the bill, and he will do the rest.

JUMPY (Holton Heath).—"I'm engaged in the cordite factory here, but although I'm getting on well at my job I dread each day's work." You're afraid you'll rise too rapidly?

HAIRDRESSER (Warrington).—"After working as an assistant for many years I started in business on my own and my only regret is that I didn't strike out for myself before." You find business a perfect "snip"?

OLD SWEAT (Derby).—"We had an old soldiers' reunion, but somehow the old war songs, copies of which were handed round, didn't seem to go with the old-time swing." The printed words not quite the same as the ones you used to sing?

F. H. S. (Bolton).—"I've just heard that my bank balance is nil." That's nothing.

NAVVY (Stanfield).—"At my wedding all my pals brought their shovels." You, of course, had your pick?

T. C. (Bungay).—"Believe it or not, there is a snowdrop out in my garden." That's blooming early.

J. K. (Hampstead).—"I admit it was an error on my part when I snubbed the hostess at the party." A slight mistake?

FILM-STRUCK (Herts).—"I was quite stunned by the magnificence of the new studios." Well, one should expect to see stars there.

P. D. (Birmingham).—"It makes me furious when I'm in a hurry and find the traffic lights against me." You see red?

G. L. (Poplar).—"A leading light in our church failed miserably in an election for an official position." He was turned down?

HUBBY (Prestwich).—"My wife is never happier than when she has a paint-brush in her hand." She brightens herself by her painting then?

A. J. (Durham).—"A former taxidermist, I read, has started in business as an income-tax expert." So he's still helping to fill up forms.

MONEYLENDER (London).—"Ever since my son entered my office he has spent all the profits." You shouldn't grumble, the lad's taking interest!

A. M. (Liverpool).—"My late photographer-friend has bequeathed his business to his daughter." Evidently he wishes her to take after him.

CURIOUS (Warwick).—"I have just been reading of a holy friar who caught his own fish, cleaned and fried it, and then ate it out of the pan." Out of the frying pan into the friar.

E. R. M. (Winchester).—"Why not publish a page of 1935 prophecies?" We prefer a page of 1935 certainties—the 1,935 cash prizes, including £500 and Yearly Pension Cheque, which we offer on page 35.

C. L. (Exeter).—"The suggestion that athletes shouldn't smoke is all wrong. I know a heavyweight boxer who smokes a pipe." At least, something he can knock out.

A. N. (Balham).—"I read, the other day, an advertisement asking for a partner to open a chamber of horrors." The person evidently wants someone to go in with him.

EPICURE (Nottingham).—"My table was groaning under the weight of the good things upon it when my party sat down to dinner." We hope your guests weren't groaning afterwards.

EMPLOYER (London, W.C.).—"I have found that oppressing a worker causes him to become dull." In other words, grinding a man down doesn't make him sharp.

SUCCESSFUL (Nottingham).—"I have succeeded in life by advertising myself in every conceivable way. My own efforts have taken me where I am, for I never went to school, but joined the Army at an early age as a bandboy." There, you certainly learned to blow your own trumpet.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature,—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for entertainment.

BEFORE BREAKFAST

Get the Mackenzie daily health habit. Keep a bottle in your Bathroom. Use on rising and at bed-time and keep FIT.

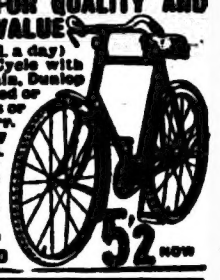
Price 1'6

Also in handbag size, with screw top, 1'3. Sold everywhere.

& BEFORE BED

For Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Headache, etc

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE



5/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves "FLIGHT" Cycle with Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars. Lady's or Gent's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogues Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', and Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models.

5'2 NOW

J. S. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

LEG TROUBLE

A Free Offer.

★A GENEROUS sample of an excellent remedy which conquers all leg troubles and kindred ailments is offered on p. 27. This, together with a special free booklet and copies of recent testimonials, will be sent to all sufferers. This new biological remedy restores the natural power of healing through the blood. Turn to the 'ELASTO' announcement on p. 27 now, while you think of it, and fill in the Free Coupon for sample and full particulars.

A Bumper Book of

THRILLS

for Boys and Girls!

A magnificent volume of stories, pictures, puzzles and interest features to make boys and girls as happy as the day is long. Really thrilling value for 2/6. Get Dean's "British Legion Annual" at once and give a happy start to 1935 for a child you love.

FROM ALL BOOKSELLERS 2'6

PUBLISHED BY DEANS

BRITISH LEGION CHILDREN'S ANNUAL

IMPORTANT NEW YEAR CONCESSION

JOHN BULL'S NEW YEAR GIFT TO YOU

ALTHOUGH "John Bull's" great Christmas Gift Offer was announced to close on December 31st, the response has been so great that we have decided, as a New Year Gift to our readers, to extend the period for a further fifteen days.

Take advantage of this special New Year concession whilst you have the opportunity—cash your Gift Voucher without delay—apply now.

★ EXTRA SURPRISE GIFT

An extra Surprise Gift for every recipient—look out for it.
CASH YOUR GIFT VOUCHER AT ONCE. Accept this record New Year Gift to-day.

John Bull
NEW YEAR GIFT VOUCHER
VALUE 2/9
This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2'9 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5'6 Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set.
Valid until January 15, 1935.
No. A/87,893
5/6 for 2/9

FREE 2/9 GIFT VOUCHER

5/6 WRITING SET FOR 2/9. This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/6 Writing Set. The handsome chasing of the Pen, black vulcanite, latest lever self-filling device and 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, all indicate the outstanding quality of this set. Written two-year guarantee with each pen. The "Everpointed" Pencil fitted with propel, repel and expel movement, pocket clip, and extra leads, matches the pen to perfection. A handsome Presentation Case gives the finishing touch

FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER

12/6 WRITING SET FOR 5/-. This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 12/6 Writing Set de Luxe. Beautifully streamlined and handsomely finished in glossy black, this Set is indeed a luxurious gift. An inlaid, rolled-gold band encircles the pen (which is made of an entirely new unbreakable material) and a sunk lever self-filling device and pocket clip to match accentuate the lustrous finish. The 14-carat solid gold nib has a costly iridium tip of velvety smoothness. Written five-year guarantee with each pen. The handsome "Everpointed" Pencil to match has pocket clip and extra leads, and is fitted with non-overturnable propel, repel, expel movement. Contained in a handsome satin-lined Presentation Case, artistically covered in gold and black.

John Bull
NEW YEAR GIFT VOUCHER
VALUE 7/6
This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7'6 in part payment of the John Bull 12'6 Writing Set de Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set.
Valid until January 15, 1935.
No. B/87,893
12/6 for 5/-

"John Bull's" New Year Gift Coupon.

To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/9, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 3/- in all.

or

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 7/6, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 5/-, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 5/3 in all.

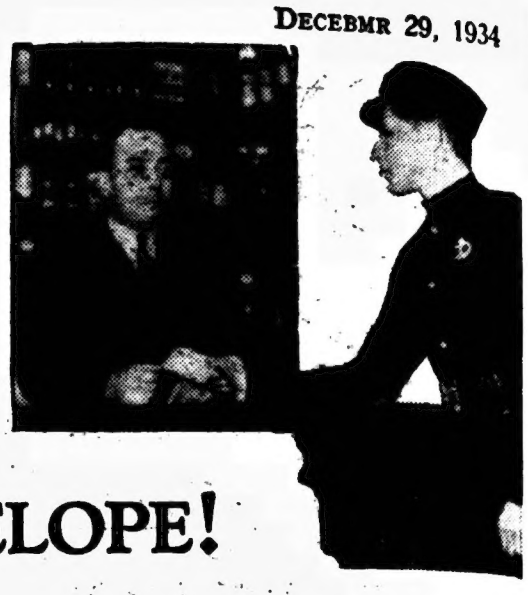
Fine. Medium. Broad. — Cross out grades of nib NOT required. — Fine. Medium. Broad.

If you desire BOTH SETS send the two Vouchers and a Postal Order for 8/- only.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....
Write clearly in Block Letters.

Cross Cheque/Postal Order /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull." Dec.

HIS YULE-LOG CAME in a little BUFF ENVELOPE!



FROM Long Acre, one of the most thrilling *Bullets* telegrams of 1934 went speeding along the wires to Mr. E. A. Smith, "Oliver Cromwell" Off-licence, Wood End Green Road, Hayes.

By Tube and taxi, writes a JOHN BULL representative, I was able to race it down to this town on the western fringe of London. Spotting the telegraph boy as he was entering the shop, I hurried in and was the first to congratulate Mr. Smith on his First Prize success in our 962nd *Bullets* Contest.

He was still trying to collect his thoughts and to realise the size of the prize he had won when in came Mrs. Smith from a visit to the hairdresser.

"I've got it!" spluttered the winner.

"You—you've not!" his wife exclaimed. "Oh, isn't that splendid!"

Notice that there was not a word about what "it" was. Mr. Smith, you see, had convinced his wife that one Friday a telegram *would* arrive from JOHN BULL.

What others had done, he could do, he had maintained. And now he had proved himself right—right to the tune of £1,500 with £2 weekly for life, or 2,000 Guineas if he preferred it!

Mr. Smith decided without hesitation upon the prize he wished to receive for his telling and topical *Bullet*, GENEROSITY —"SLEEPER" FATHER CHRISTMAS *Awakens*.

"The cash prize and pension for me!" he declared. "I'm only thirty-eight and that £2 weekly for life means security."

That feeling, I gathered, will be a new and pleasant one for Mr. Smith. Though now in good employment, he has not yet recovered from bad times of the past, when he was out of work for two solid years.

"But this prize will change everything!", said the winner delightedly. "Coming at this time of the year, too, it is doubly welcome. And now I'll be able to help my parents and an invalid sister—they live over at Amersham.

"There's one luxury *we're* going to have," he continued, with a smile in Mrs. Smith's direction. "That's a car. Then we can enjoy ourselves during the few hours we get off from the shop."

It has taken him about two years of steady entering to reach the top of the prize ladder, Mr. Smith told me. And I found him ready enough to hand on some sound hints to others seeking to follow him.

"Study the winners," he advises, "enter regularly and never be without *Bullets Bulletin*. Have faith in the judges and faith in yourself. And, above all, stick to it!"

* * *

When I left our 14th *Bullets* Pensioner, Mrs. Smith was already busy on the telephone, spreading to friends the good news of her husband's First Prize.

You, too, can soon be telling your friends of a huge *Bullets* success, for there is £500, plus a £10 pension cheque each New Year's Day for life, awaiting the best *Bullet* in the first Contest of 1935.

Let your first resolution of the New Year be to enter by Saturday, January 5.

100 BIG CHEQUES AWARDED THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE—£500 CASH AND XMAS HAMPER YEARLY FOR LIFE—COMPETITION No. 963

R. A. WARD, 30, Carlton Street, Burton-on-Trent.

Example: ALL THE NICE GIRLS
Bullet: "CRYSTALLIZED" INTO "MY SWEET."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

A. E. RICHARDSON, 12, Carlton Avenue, Broadstairs.
Example: Dished
Bullet: Ambitions—Thankful I've Dinner!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

R. C. ALEXANDER, 32, Vickers Road, Sheffield.
Example: Wise Safeguard
Bullet: Keep "Lion" Well-fed.

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: E. HOLDSWORTH, 44, Speeton Avenue, Bradford.
Roaring Fire—If "Peace Torch" Dropped.

£19: E. L. FRANKUM, 46, Long's Road, Portsmouth.
Whir Of Machinery — Mustn't Silence Humanity's "Whither?"

£18: G. H. W. WARE, 23, Erpingham Road, Putney, S.W.
In Mother's Eyes—"Tinker's" Better Than "Pots."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£17: F. A. EVASON, 47, Aughton Road, Birkdale, Southport.
The Opportunist—Doesn't "Sit"—Does It!

£16: H. PYE, 279 Oldbury Road, Smethwick, Staffs.
In Mother's Eyes—Hurt Child, *Her* Child.

£15: A. BATEMAN, 66, Gladstone Road, Watford.
Fortune's Favourite—Nursed Auntie's Black Cat!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£14: Mrs. A. M. JONES, 1, Caradog Villas, Llangefni, Anglesey.
Coming Down In The World—"Eyes Opened" Friends Unseeing.

£13: — EATON, 134, Old Lane, Hollinwood, Oldham.
Soaring To Success—Then Someone Mentioned "Jail-bird."

£12: M. HARTLEY, 23, Wellington Road, Oldham.
One Crowded Hour—"Four Generations" For Photographer.

£11: J. C. ARMSTRONG, 10, Treherne Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Civil Servant—That *Pays Me*, Tongue.

£10: A. NEWMAN, De Greys, Madan Road, Westerham, Kent.
Tarnished—Fortunes Many "Clean Up."

£9 10s.: Miss D. PROTHEROE, Meadow Cottage, Whiteway, near Stroud.
Hore-Belisha—His "Studs" *Stop* "Racing."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£9: J. M. STEWART, The Bungalow, Irvine, Ayrshire.
Serving Two Masters—Mother—Deserving Two Maids.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£8 10s.: Miss R. GRIST, 24, South Avenue, Manor Park, E.
Invincible—The "Sisterhood" of Motherhood.

£8: H. TOMKINSON, "Glendower," Rope Lane, Nr. Crewe.
Ticklish Situation—Watching "Coast"—"Smuggling" Presents.

£7 10s.: G. C. BAMBRIDGE, 3, Fernshaw Close, Chelsea, S.W.
Poles Apart—Black And White "Standards."

£7: C. V. CLEATON, 20, Bath Street, Rugby.
One Crowded Hour—Giles Kissed Sweetheart Twice!

£6 10s.: G. H. AMOS, 13, Springbourne Road, Aigburth, Liverpool.
Like A Pantomime—Baron, Communist Imagines Capitalist.

£6: J. DONNELLY, 2, Second Terrace, Clydebank.
Gave Him A Cold—Landlady's Fire—Bill, Fever!

£5 10s.: L. GAULTON, 44, Brunel Street, Liverpool.
In Mother's Eyes—"Dancing Light" Following "Fairy."

£5: Miss L. BURCH, 8, Sefton Avenue, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Coming Down In The World—Nobility, Trading On "Descent."

A list of all other cash Prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

"John Bull" Gigantic Insurance Gift to every reader for 1935—see pages 4 & 5

NEW YEAR
HUGE NEW 2-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE
£500
CASH PLUS
£10
PENSION CHEQUE
EACH NEW YEAR'S
DAY FOR LIFE!
£50 £25 £20 £15 £14 £13 £12 £11
£10 £9 £8 £7 £6 £5 5 OF £2 10s 5/-
100 of 5/- --- 1500 of 2/6 --- 2000 RED SEAL "TARGETS" --- 6000 TARGET PRIZES
1935
THIS WEEK ONLY
ENTER BY SAT. JAN. 5, 1935
NOW MATCH 1935

Record Year Opens with Huge "Double 1935" Offer!

TO celebrate in appropriate style the arrival of 1935, JOHN BULL presents, for this week only, a huge "Double 1935" Offer. No fewer than 1,935 entrants will secure cash prizes in this contest and 1,935 novel Surprise Awards are also awaiting winners.

Heading this fine New Year prize-list, you find a splendid new 24-in-1 First, providing the winner with an immediate fortune of £500 and a £10 Pension Cheque each New Year's Day for life.

Following this fine First comes one of the longest list of cash prizes ever seen in *Bullets*—indeed, with 1,935 opportunities of a cash success, supported by 1,935 other awards, as well as 10,000 smaller prizes, here is a contest worthy to open a Record *Bullets* Year.

Draw up your chair to the fireside this evening for an hour with *Bullets*. Then, provided your entry is in by Saturday, January 5, a thrilling Friday telegram from Long Acre may announce you the first of the company of 1935 First Prize-winners.

HOW TO WIN

MAKE a start on your *Bullets* by looking carefully over the *Examples* and jotting down rough notes against those which appeal to you. Then take each of these ideas in turn and condense it into a neat phrase of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

You might, for instance, hit upon the *Example* THROUGH THE FOG, against which your first rough comment might well be, *Statesmen Create, War's Danger Increasing*. By polishing and condensing that first thought you could readily produce the finished *Bullet* THROUGH THE FOG—WAR'S "TRAIN" RUSHES FASTER.

Now study carefully this week's list of winners on the previous page to acquire the right *Bullets* style.

Then begin on your efforts, making sure that your entry reaches the judges by Saturday, January 5.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

YEARS TO REMEMBER
MY GOOD FAIRY
TO KEEP HOUR
STRENGTH MINUTES
HIGH RESPONSIBLE
FOR THE DEFENCE
THROUGH THE FOG
BIG STEP
TOO RIDICULOUS
WORK WORK
NOT ALL MONEY
DOESN'T CURE
TAKEN AWAY
THOUGHTS
SENSE POINT
PLAIN ENGLISH
NO ENDS
CROOKED BOOK
PASSING THE PAGE
NEED A HOWL
FARMER'S FRIEND
LEARNING THE TRUTH
FAMILY SECRET
IF ALL GOES WELL
UPSTAIRS
SWANK
TIRED BUT HAPPY
WAITING
WHEN PAY-DAY COMES
BABY'S TOYS
FRIGHTENED AUNTIE
INHUMANS
UP TO US
SIGHT-SEERS
HIS CREDITORS
IN BLACK AND WHITE

96 FREE PAGES OF COMPETITION HELP

What do the judges want? How do the big prize-winners make their efforts?

These and scores of other questions you will find answered in *Bullets Bulletin*, which will also introduce you to a thrilling £50-a-week *Bullets* Football Contest.

Post off the coupon to-night and receive each Thursday for 12 weeks this eight-page guide to competition success.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co." payable to *John Bull*), to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.
(Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the three winners in "Bullets" No. 935 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £1,935, drawn with Pension, by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 932, will be displayed in the window of Mr. J. Simons, Hayes End Post Office, New Parade, Hayes End, Middlesex.

BUFFER-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(966) Closing SAT., Jan. 5.
P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed .....
Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(966) Closing SAT., Jan. 5.
P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(966) Closing SAT., Jan. 5.
P.O. No .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(966) Closing SAT., Jan. 5.
P.O No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(966) Closing SAT., Jan. 5.
P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.
Signed .....
Address .....

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 966, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

I'm jolly well taking Daily BOVRIL

"It's daily that does it." To get the full benefit of the strengthening and vitalising powers of Bovril, you should drink it regularly every day throughout the cold, wet winter months.

One appetising cup of hot Bovril gives a most comforting feeling of immediate warmth and invigoration. But regular, *Daily* Bovril does even more. It steadily and progressively builds up a lasting reserve of energy and strength to resist the attacks of infection and illness.

136 B89

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